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HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH
— IN —
BY NEW MEXICO.

BY THE
VERY REV. JAMES H. DEFOURI,
Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Santa Fé.

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1887.

TO THE
MOST REV. ARCHBISHOPS LAMY AND SALPOINTE

THIS LITTLE SKETCH IS DEDICATED BY

THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT

AND DEVOTED SON IN CHRIST,

JAMES H. DEFOURI,

PASTOR OF GUADALUPE.

N^o 2220

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BINDERY SLIP:

Style

(Check proper word)

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35

COLOR

LIGHT BROWN

DARK BROWN

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Lettering for Back

(Follow exactly wording and arrangement as given below.)

Hist. sketch
of the
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in
New Mexico

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OTHER DIRECTIONS

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

— OF THE —

Catholic Church in New Mexico

CHAPTER I.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO FOUND A MISSION.

It is customary for a certain class of men to assert at all times and places, that this continent is indebted entirely to the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon race for its population, its civilization and its progress.* These men, doubtless, forget that this is an injustice of the gravest nature. Many others who do not think for themselves, follow them, ascribing to the Anglo-Saxon people the honor of winning for civilization and the glorious destiny being worked out here, a continent which is the inspiration and spur of both. The world forgets too often that it was a child of the Latin race, a stanch Catholic, a pious hero, who conceived the idea of the Western continent,

* Statisticians place the population of America at 57,000,000 souls; native whites 38,601,676; native Negroes 6,566,776; native Indians 64,587; Germans 1,966,742; Irish 1,854,572; British 917,598; Canadians 275,000; Scandinavians 449,262; French 106,971; Chinese 104,468, making a total of 50,907,652. I call "natives" the sons of any of these nationalities, who are born in the United States. The other 7,000,000 are of scattered nationalities, such as Italians, Mexicans of old Mexico, Spaniards, etc. How many Anglo-Saxons are there?

and it was a Spanish Sovereign, a stout Catholic, Isabella surnamed "the Catholic," who placed at his disposal the means necessary to pursue his researches in the pathless and unknown Western Ocean.

Later, the Spanish people won through the gallantry of Cortez the Mexico of to-day, and the splendid Territory of New Mexico is but the hopeful progeny of the civilization he planted there. If we consult the best historians of those times. We find the hero Cortez, after burning his vessels, for he must conquer or die—marching at the head of his five-hundred warriors, preceded by a banner, on which was wrought in gold, a beautiful cross on a black field, and beneath the cross these memorable words: *Amici Sequamur Crucem*, "Friends, let us follow the Cross."* Horror-stricken at beholding the human sacrifices offered everywhere by the natives, he destroyed their idols satiated with human blood, and in their stead he planted the Cross and built churches, where devoted priests sacrificed themselves to the welfare of the Indians.

Soon after the death of Montezuma,† the last of the Incas, the Spaniards were attracted towards what is now New Mexico, by the wonderful tales they heard from the Indians, of its great riches in gold and silver.

* The best periodical in the whole West, the *Monitor*, published in San Francisco by the true hearted S. J. McCormick, in its No. of December 29, 1886, has the following: THE STANDARD OF CORTEZ.—Among the prized relics which are shown in the National Museum at Mexico, is the banner under which Cortez conquered the Empire of the Montezumas. It is of red damask, with a very beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin painted upon it. She wears a gold crown, and is encircled by twelve gold stars: a blue cloak and red dress, her hands united, as if to implore her Son to aid in overthrowing the idolatrous dynasty. On the otherside are the arms of Castile and Leon. It is about three feet square, and was preserved in the University in a frame under glass to prevent decay. A few years ago it was removed to the National Museum for better preservation. Its authenticity is sustained by a series of accounts, beginning with that of Bernal Diaz, who describes how it was borne in the procession when Cortez returned thanks to God at Cuyoacan for the capture of the city of Mexico in 1519.

† Some writers consider the history of Montezuma mythical. Others consider him as a powerful monarch; it is all an error. Mexico was a confederacy, and he was the principal chief, or president. Montezuma means the "Great Chief," or "Worthy Chief." He received a tribute from all the States or Provinces of the Confederacy.

When Cortez conquered Mexico in 1521, he came across traditions among the Aztecs, who had founded the city of Mexico in 1325—traditions which still exist among the Pueblos of New Mexico, as well remarks Hon. W. G. Ritch, ex-Secretary of New Mexico, in his "Chronological Annals of New Mexico," that they came originally from Salt Lakes, *Lagunas Saludas*, far to the north, and that Montezuma, mounted upon an eagle, subsequently led them from Pecos, where he was born, or at least where he dwelt, to the city of Mexico. They called what is now New Mexico, the "Seven Cities," relating in glowing terms the wealth and greatness, as well as the beauty of that country.

Among these "Seven Cities" was one, pre-eminent even in those remote times, called Tiguex or Tegua, now Santa Fé.* That it was renowned at the time of the founding of the Aztec Confederacy in 1426, is very plain from the taxes it had to pay toward the general government, an account of which I have read but cannot now find. It belonged to the Province of the Tarnos (or Tanos) which contained forty-thousand inhabitants. Tiguex played a prominent part at the time of the expedition of Caronado in 1541. The land of the "Seven Cities" was called also by the name of *Cibola*. Under this name, the origin of which is uncertain, it was known by the Spaniards, ten years before the expedition of Caronado. Davis† says it means "The Buffalo," but searching Spanish lexicons he finds it translated "a quadruped, called the Mexican bull;" Mexico was then known as the country of the buffaloes.

It would carry us too far back to speak in detail of the various expeditions sent from Mexico to *Cibola*. Nuno de Gusman was the first to start, but he never reached it, and after numberless difficulties he founded the Kingdom of New Galicia, establishing the seat of his Government at Xalisco and Tolona. After eight years he was deposed by the Viceroy, Don Antonio De Mendoza, and thrown into prison. Subsequently Fran-

* More than one writer doubts the identity of Tiguex with Santa Fé. But so far nothing has been brought forward, but mere assertions. On the other hand many others are of the opinion which I follow. I regret the loss of the "List of taxes imposed upon the various pueblos," as it was a document of real value which would go far towards proving my opinion.

† Conquest, p. 110.

cisco Vasquez Caronado, a gentleman from Salamanca, in Spain, but for some time established in Mexico, was appointed Governor of New Galicia. It was at that time that Cabeza de Vaca gave Mendoza so bright an account of Cibola, that a new expedition was decided upon.* This expedition was placed by Mendoza, under the direction of a Franciscan friar, named Marcos de Nizza, an Italian by birth, of the city of Nice. He was a man full of zeal and inured to hardship and danger. Marcos and his little army set out from Culiacan, Friday, 7th of March, 1539. He went no further than Cibola: deterred as he was by the dangers surrounding him, for he had been threatened by the Indians, if he proceeded on his journey. He planted a cross and took possession of the country, "In the name of Mendoza, for his Majesty the Emperor," and called the country, *El Nuevo Reyno de San Francisco*—The new kingdom of St. Francis.

After the return of Marcos, Caronado grew excited at the accounts of the Friar, set out for Mexico, and was appointed Captain-general of a new expedition. A number of priests joined Caronado, and Castaneda, the historian of the expedition, was probably one of them. In any case, he was a man of education and accustomed to writing, and his narrative is far superior to most of the histories composed at that period. His book was translated into French by Ternaux Campans, in 1838.

Coronado having appointed his officers, marched to the place of rendezvous, Campostella, in the State of Xalisco, in separate columns, and arrived there on Shrove-Tuesday, 1541. Soon after leaving Campostella, the troops which had started in high spirits, became discouraged. The soldiers did not know how to pack horses; the most refined gentlemen were obliged to be their own muleteers, and necessity obliged the noble and low-born to perform the same menial services. Difficulties increased, but Father Marcos, who was the very spirit of the expedition, encouraged the troops; thus they advanced by slow journeys to the New Kingdom of Saint Francis.

* Cabeza de Vaca had, as is well-known, crossed with four companions the whole Continent from Florida to the Pacific Ocean. The learned Bendelier is of opinion that he never crossed Cibola, but far more to the south. Be this as it may, he nevertheless spoke as if he had visited the country.

Soon Caronado quartered his troops at Cibola, and sent before him Hernando Alvarado, who with twenty men was to accompany some Indians who had come from Tiguex and Cicuye, to invite them to visit their pueblos. Alvarado treated the pueblo of Tiguex, in a very harsh manner, compelling them to leave their houses, and forbidding them to take anything with them; he sent word to Caronado to come there to make his winter quarters. This action of Alvarado, was the commencement of that terrible hatred of the Indians for the Spaniards, which, after centuries of suffering, culminated in the overthrow of the Spanish rule at Tiguex and of the whole of the territory.

In the Spring of 1542, Caronado set out for Cicuye and thence proceeded on the plains, and reached the river of "Seven Leagues," "covered with vessels," as told by the Indians. It appears he reached Missouri, at the place where now stands Fort Leavenworth; when, discouraged at not finding the gold he sought, he started on his homeward journey, foot sore, tired and soiled by travel, he reached again Tiguex for the winter of 1542, and wintered there.†

Many soldiers and even officers, unwilling to return to Mexico, deserted the service and remained at Tiguex, and formed the first white settlement in that renowned place. These events happened at the beginning of April 1543, a date to which we can well assign the foundation of Santa Fé as a Mission, although it was not called by that name until 1598, when we see it called so by Juan de Onate in his *Discurso de las jornadas que hizo el Capitan de su Magestad desde la Nueva Esperna, a la provincia de la Nueva Mexico*, September 9, 1598; *a la ciudad de San Francisco de los Espanoles que al presente se Edifican*. (Discourse of the journeys made by the Captain of His Majesty from New Spain to the Province of New Mexico, September 9, 1598, the city of Saint Francis of the Spaniards, which they are now building.) It was then that the city took the name of Santa Fé; some authors say that for five years it was called *Yonque*, but this is probably a mistake; this was the first attempt at founding a mission.*

* It is possible that in 1543 was built the celebrated church of San Miguel, which stands to-day, at least as far as the lower walls are concerned, for it was destroyed by the Indians in 1680.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORY OF THE MISSION OF SANTA FE, 1543.

When Caronado returned from his expedition to the Missouri river, in the Fall of 1542, he was perfectly discouraged; all discipline was at an end, and thus he passed the Winter at Tiguex.

Early in the Spring he met with a serious accident, being thrown senseless from his horse, and was confined to bed for a long time, with his life in great danger. When recovering, hearing of the revolt of some Indians who had been goaded to it by the conduct of some of his officers in their regard, he was seriously affected and had a relapse. Anxious to return to Mexico, he caused his officers and soldiers to petition him to lead them back to New Spain. Soon the soldiers regretted this petition, they preferred to remain at Tiguex, and they begged of him to revoke it, but he sternly refused, and shut himself up, not wishing to see any one. They resolved to steal the petition they had given him in writing, but he kept it about his person day and night. The desertion of officers and soldiers became almost a stampede, and Caronado had not a hundred men to return to Mexico, which he reached only to find the Viceroy much displeased with the manner in which he had conducted the expedition. Soon afterwards he was deprived of his province, and fell into disgrace.

The Spanish settlement at Santa Fe dates, therefore, from the leaving of Caronado in the Spring of 1543. This is so true that Caronado left with the deserters Fathers Juan de Padilla and Juan de la Cruz, with a Portuguese named Andres de Campo, to wait on them. Father Juan de la Cruz went on a mission to Cibola, and was killed by the Indians. Juan de Padilla remained for some time at Tiguex; soon he extended the sphere of his missions, and hearing of the good disposition of the Indians of Quivira, he went to visit them; but he was killed by Tejas Indians while on his knees at prayer. The Tejas did not wish him to go to Quivira, because they were at war with that pueblo.

Father Juan de Padilla was afterwards buried in the church of the Pueblo of La Isleta. His coffin was made of a hollow

alamo, and a strange rumor of him is current among the men of the Pueblo, and the country about. It is said that no matter how deep he is buried, he always rises in his coffin to the very surface of the ground; thus he was found two or three times. His body is within the sanctuary, on the Gospel side, between the wall and the altar platform. Whatever be the cause of this, it is worthy of investigation, as there is but little doubt that he died the death of a martyr.

Thus, for a while, the Spanish deserters and new settlers, the first Catholic mission at Tiguex, and for all that, in the whole of New Mexico, were left without the means of practicing their religion. They were not long without priests. The Franciscan Order sent more Religious to search for the lost Spaniards and to convert the Indians. Among many others are named Fathers Augustine Ruiz, Francisco Lopez and Juan de Santa Maria. They were accompanied by twelve soldiers who came with them as far as the pueblo of Sandia, near Bernalillo. There they abandoned the Fathers and returned home. Father Juan de Santa Maria came to Tiguex; he attended to the wants of the settlers, converted a number of Indians who had returned to their houses. He succeeded so well that he set out for Mexico to call more priests, and to give an account of his mission; but he was killed by the Teguas Indians near a pueblo called San Pablo, in the neighborhood of El Paso. Father Lopez also was killed while at his devotions outside of the pueblo of Paruay, on the Rio Grande, and Father Ruiz remained alone mourning the loss of his companions. Still he was not discouraged and resolved to continue his mission. The governor of Paruay, much affected by the death of Lopez, resolved to save Ruiz by removing him to pueblos farther up on the river; but his death was resolved, and it was impossible to save him. He was killed a few days afterwards and his body thrown into the river, then in flood, as food for the fishes. Thus, the Teguas Indians completed their bloody and unholy work, putting to death three men of God, who had come only with the strength of their charity and their zeal for the salvation of souls.

Here is the time for saying, "Fear not, little flock, for it is well known that the blood of martyrs is the seed of salvation." The work of saving souls was progressing everywhere, and priest succeeded priest in this arduous work. Old chroniclers

tell us that by the year 1629, there were baptized, thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty Indians, and many others were in a state of conversion, and at that time there were already forty three churches in New Mexico, all built by the Indians, except San Miguel, in Santa Fe, built possibly about or soon after 1543, and afterwards destroyed and rebuilt again, and Our Lady of Guadalupe, also in Santa Fe, which may have been built by the Spaniards about 1598, as also other churches now forgotten. A sure fact is that in February 1614, the body of Lopez was disinterred and solemnly deposited in the church of the pueblo of Sandia, with great ceremonies. "A number of priests" having come from Santa Fe, and the surrounding pueblos, "all marching on foot and dressed in full vestments."

The Franciscan Order, alarmed at the return of the soldiers to Mexico, knowing well that their priests were without help in a heathen country, immediately appealed to men of good will to go out and rescue them. Antonio de Espejo, a man of courage and faith, offered his services to the Franciscans; they accepted them, and with the royal permission, an army was fitted out, which left San Bartolomeo, in Mexico, on the 10th of December, 1582.

Espejo everywhere pacified the Indians; everywhere the numerous priests, who accompanied him, made conversions. He destroyed no property, and persuaded all of the Indians to stay in their houses and be friendly with the Spaniards. All over he built churches, erected crosses, and formed settlements of white people, alongside of the Indian settlements. Espejo did much for the pacification of the Indians. Having fulfilled his engagement with the Franciscans, the three Fathers having been put to death as we have seen above, he nevertheless remained in New Mexico, visiting many provinces, making staunch friends of the Indians, establishing parishes and forming settlements. He returned to Mexico in the beginning of July, 1584. He there wrote the relation of his journey for Conde de Caruna, the Viceroy, who forwarded the same to the King of Spain and the lords of the council for the Indians. These documents, with many others before and after, were deposited in the royal library of Seville, and I understand that the government of Spain is about

* See Davis, Conquest.

to publish the whole, with magnificent charts, under the name of *Cartas de las Indias*.

It would be out of my purpose to write in detail the successive expeditions of Humana, who on account of his cruelty, had his army almost annihilated by the Quiviras; of Juan de Oñate, who brought over three hundred families to settle them in the territory, and established most of them in the country about Santa Cruz and Santa Fé, but obtained permission to reduce "the natives to a state of obedience, which he interpreted by reducing them to slavery." All these facts were written by Padre Geronimo de Yarate Salmeron, a Franciscan who remained eight years in New Mexico, visited all the Pueblos, and went personally to Mexico to lay before his superiors the result of his mission. His journal was approved in the year 1629 by Father Francisco de Apodaca, his Superior-general.

It seems that all or nearly all the Indians being Christians, as well as their rulers, the Spaniards, things should have gone on smoothly. The simple-minded natives were generally of an amiable disposition, helping the Spaniards in the cultivation of their fields, and performing other menial duties. But in a few years the Spaniards began to assume the prerogatives of masters; a rule of tyranny and slavery was established. Instead of letting the priests alone to see to the conversion of the Indians, fanatical Spaniards tried to convert them with the sword. In a short time they looked upon the Spaniards with intense hatred; low murmurs followed, and then open revolt. They were arrested and severely punished, but never resigned. Thus it went on for centuries; the Church suffered much in those times, and the conversion of the Indians was greatly retarded. Finally it culminated in the great Rebellion of 1680, which shall be treated separately.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT REVOLT OF 1680.

In the year 1680, Popé, a native of the pueblo of San Juan, a man of decided ability and great eloquence, visited all the pueblos of New Mexico and pictured to them the wrongs they were suffering, and roused them to a desire of throwing off the yoke.

Popé enjoined absolute secrecy on all; the pueblos were all invited, except that of Piras. Helping Popé in his endeavors were Catité, a half-breed Queres Indian, Tacu of San Juan, Yaca of Taos, and Francisco of San Ildefonso. San Juan, however, remained faithful to the Spaniards, and was on that account called *San Juan de los Caballeros*—*The gentlemanly San Juaners*. Nicholas Bua, governor of San Juan, Popé's son-in-law, was put to death at the hand of Popé himself, for fear he would betray him to the Spaniards.* The time fixed for the Rebellion was the 10th of August; all preparations were made to massacre every Spaniard—priest and layman in the country. But the Indians of Tezuque, a few miles from Santa Fé, although they had participated in the plot, came to the governor two days before, and divulged the scheme. The Indians, being apprised of this, resolved upon the work of destruction without delay, and all Christians, priests and seculars, women and children fell under their blows, except a few of the handsomest maidens whom the warriors reserved for wives. General Otermin, the governor, was unprepared and paralyzed with fear; the capital was besieged by an army, and Otermin with a few followers, unable to defend Santa Fé, resolved to leave it to its fate, and with all the Spaniards fled, and never

* Popé visited Bua at night, and under the pretext of communicating to him important secrets, drew him out of the pueblo into a dark spot, and while speaking to him, plunged a knife in his heart. Bua did not expect such a treatment, and was unarmed. He fell with a faint cry, and was soon dispatched and buried secretly by the treacherous Popé. It was reported that he had gone to Santa Fé to confer with the Spaniards. When he did not return, it was said he was held in captivity by the authorities.

rested till he reached El Paso, where the Franciscans supported him and his followers for a whole winter. Some of the Spaniards settled in Socorro, desiring to return to Santa Fé in a short time.

In the meanwhile, Santa Fé was given up to pillage. The churches were desecrated and partly pulled down. San Miguel and the Castrense church suffered much; Guadalupe being somewhat out of town fared better for awhile, but was sacked the following year. The Indians, putting on priestly vestments, were seen riding about the city, drinking from sacred vessels, which could not be carried away. In other pueblos and villages, the priests and Spaniards, not being aware of the rising, remained quietly in their houses, and were all massacred with great cruelty and wantonness; then the churches were razed to the ground; the worship of the serpent, with its dances, including the indecent *cachina*, were prescribed anew to all good Indians, the *estufas* were reopened, and they were ordered to abandon even the names of their baptism, and take new ones. It was decreed in solemn council that "God, the Father, and Mary, the Mother of the Spaniards were dead, and that the Indian gods alone remained." They made offerings of flour, feathers, corn, tobacco and other articles to propitiate their heathen deities. After this, all those grim warriors repaired to the little Santa Fé river, and there, divesting themselves of their scant clothing, washed their whole bodies with *amole* or soap-weed, to "Wash off their baptism."

Hundreds of Spaniards, among whom were eighteen priests, besides civilized Indians, fell during the Rebellion and the withdrawing of Otermin. The loss to the Indians in the villages which defended themselves, was much more considerable. In Santa Fé alone, with the scanty means that the Spaniards had, more than four hundred were killed, and many more were wounded.

On the 5th of November of the following year, Otermin, equipped by the Franciscans of El Paso, started with an army to reconquer New Mexico. All the old inhabitants of Santa Fé, eager to recover their property, went with him. They suffered greatly while crossing *La Jornada del Muerto*, where for a distance of ninety miles, water is not to be found, except what collects in holes after a rain.

La Jornada del Muerto is properly a table-land between

mountains, and is shaped like a canoe. Its width varies from five to thirty miles; a high range of mountains in the west shuts up all approach to the Rio Grande, which makes a very long bend to the west. It has been named the "Journey of Death," on account of the number of persons killed, either by Mescalero Apache Indians, by want of water, or by storms while crossing it. To-day the A. T. S. F. railroad passes through it, and water has been found in about its center.

Otermin, following the Rio Grande, marched towards Santa Fé; some Pueblos submitted, but only while the troops were present. Still the priests, and in particular, Father Ayeta, of El Paso, who accompanied the expedition, baptized many at La Isleta and Sandia, but when the army reached the Pueblo of Cienegilla, near Santa Fé, Juan, a Tozúque Indian, advised them of a plot to destroy them. Afraid of remaining any longer in the country, they set out on their homeward journey and reached El Paso on the 11th of February, 1582.

Several other attempts at conquest were made in 1685 by Domingo Jeronza Petrez de Cruzate, the newly appointed governor. Only fragments of Cruzate's journal remain in the archives of Santa Fé. We know that he was governor until 1689, but never reached his capital.

In 1692, a new expedition was entrusted to Don Diego de Vargas Zapate Lujan by the Viceroy, Count Galvas. He left El Paso on the 31st of August, and by rigid marches reached Santa Fé on the 12th of September.

Diego de Vargas, deserves more than a passing notice. It has been said that he was an avaricious and ambitious man. It is true that later on, when he had conquered all the Pueblos, and placed them under the Spanish rule, he seemed to incline to those vices, but he was a man of faith, feared by the Indians who remained his enemies, but kind and generous to those who acknowledged his rule. All of these were placed in pueblos, with the best lands which the country could afford.

Vargas carried everywhere with him a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and wherever he stopped, a little sanctuary was built, and devotions were offered by the army. We may meet yet several of those places, called by the people *los palacios*, among others one near Agua Fria, five miles west of Santa Fé. He entered the city by the road called *El camino de Vargas*, and stood with his troops near the church of Our Lady of

Guadalupe.* Thence, crossing the Rio Santa Fe at a place called yet—Puente de Vargas, he went to the very spot where now stands the Chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, and there he erected a *palacio*. On the next day, September 13th, Vargas with his small troop, attacked the Indians, who were centered on a waste, which is now the beautiful plaza of Santa Fé; they had fortified themselves, and were reinforced by the neighboring pueblos, to the number of ten thousand. The battle raged with great ardor on both sides from four in the morning until nightfall, without apparent result. Then, Vargas, in the name of his troops on their bended knees, before the statue of Mary, made the solemn vow, that should he take the city, every year that same statue should be brought in solemn procession from the principal church in the city to the spot on which they were camping, where he should build a sanctuary, and there be left for nine days, the people flocking to the chapel to thank Mary for this victory, attributed to her. On the dawn of day, the next morning, he attacked with impetuosity the fortified Indians, and drove them from the plaza; at eight o'clock they retired upon the *loma*, north of the city where he attacked them, and by noon not an Indian was seen in the neighborhood.

Faithful to his promise, Vargas built the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary, and the fulfilment of the vow, commenced then, still continues every year on the Sunday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, by carrying what is most probably the identical statue possessed by Vargas, and called by the people *Nuestra Señora de la Victoria*, "Our Lady of the Victory,"† in great pomp, with music and pious chanting, from the Cathedral of St. Francis to the Chapel of the Rosary, and for nine days mass is chanted there, all the people making daily pilgrimages in thanksgiving for the favor received. The

* The reason why Vargas crossed the river was the greater facility he had of attacking the Indians from the north-west, the ground being higher and the plaza being more open on that side. Besides, what is now Lower San Francisco street, was a grove of trees in low, swampy ground, the bed of the river not being as deep as it is now.

† It is also called *la Conquistadora*. There seems very little doubt but it is Vargas' statue. It has been somewhat repaired a few years ago, and the repairs have spoiled the natural beauty of her face, for it is of fine execution.

church built in haste by Vargas fell into a ruinous state, and the one standing there now was commenced over the old one in the year 1807, and solemnly blessed in 1808.

Santa Fé having fallen, twelve surrounding pueblos submitted at once, and were taken possession of in the name of the King of Spain. The priests baptized in Santa Fe seven hundred and sixty-nine persons. The work of pacifying the territory became easy, and soon universal peace reigned in New Mexico. Vargas then repaired the churches, and among the first the old church of San Miguel, but did not complete it, and it remained in that state until 1710, when the front tower was built by the Marquez de la Penuela, as an inscription in the church testifies. He built the Rosario, and no doubt, repaired the old *Castreuse*, for his own use. This church was on the spot occupied now by the great merchant houses of Spiegelberg and Don Felipe Delgado. The Cathedral of San Francisco was re-built somewhat later, I think about 1730, long after the removal of Vargas. The church of Guadalupe, as mentioned above, being somewhat out of the city, seems to have suffered less than the other churches at the time of the Rebellion.

We may well say that the conquest of New Mexico terminated there, and that the power of the Indian nations was broken forever. At that epoch, the authority of the Spaniards both ecclesiastical and civil, was acknowledged in all the pueblos.



CHAPTER IV.

LOS PUEBLOS.

The question has been often raised, "Were the Pueblos placed in villages by the Spaniards, or did the Spaniards find them in pueblos or towns in coming into New Mexico?"

It requires but slight reading and examination to be satisfied that, on their arrival the Spaniards found these people living in villages, many of which still exist. The old descriptions given by Castaneda and others about the villages of the Moquis, Zuni, Acoma, Jemes, Tiguex, Cicuye and others, are too plain to be mistaken.

The people of these pueblos were doubtless of the old Mexican stock. There is no doubt of identity of race, religion and customs between the indigenous population of Old and New Mexico. Neither is there any doubt, that the description of Baco and Castaneda equally establish the identity of the Pueblos they found with those of to-day. The Pueblos, then as now, were a distinct people from the wild, roaming savages. They lived in villages, cultivated the soil, and had trades and manufactures.

The Navajoes and Apaches of to-day, are as easily distinguished from the Pueblos as in the time of the earliest conquerors of New Mexico.

Again, we find the village life of the native Mexican recognized in the earliest Spanish records of the conquest; and within four years after the landing of Cortez, provision by royal decree was made for the protection of the system. It is true that the language of the decree gives the impression that the Pueblos were then for the first time to be placed in villages; but a careful scrutiny of subsequent decrees, and of the accounts left by Cortez, will show that they were, in fact, already living in small and scattered villages, and that for safety, defense, economy of government and facilities for religious instruction, they were brought into larger communities.

We possess an edict dated June 26, 1523, one of 1533, one of 1538. Charles V, on the 21st of March, 1551, issued also a decree from Cigales as it can be found in *La Ley I de la Recapilacion de las Indias*. Philip II, in consequence of the in-

tention of the Emperor Charles, published a statute on the founding of settlements. It would be entirely too long to quote any part of these decrees, thus issued from time to time by the Kings of Spain, down to the time of the revolt of Mexico. I pass to the origin of the Pueblos. The most acceptable opinion concerning the origin and race of the Pueblos is, that they are of the same people and stock as the Mexicans found by Cortez. Separated from their more favored brethren of the Valley of Mexico (who far surpass them in the arts of civilization) by two thousand miles of mountains and uninhabited regions, yet evidently they were of the same origin, religion and language; left, doubtless in the Valley of the Rio Grande at the time when the forefathers of those who fought Cortez were progressing southwardly.

Learned treatises have been written on the subject; some contending that the Pueblos are of Aztec, others that they are of Toltec origin. But the question remains as obscure as before. Their traditions say that they came from the north. How did they come to the north? I think the opinion which says that they are the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel, mixed with some Tartars, is not at all improbable.* I lately saw a work in which the author tries to prove they were Phonicians and not Jews. Classed by dialects, the pueblos of New Mexico, at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards, spoke four separate and distinct languages, called the Tegua, the Piro, the Queres and the Tagnos. This classification has passed away, and to-day all the Pueblos of New Mexico are divided, as to dialect, into five classes: 1, Sandia, Isleta, Picuris and Taos; 2, Co-

* According to the *Chihuahua Enterprise*, about four leagues south of Magdalena in Sonora, a pyramid cut in the rock has been found with 1350 feet of base and a height 750 feet, with a winding roadway from the bottom, easy of ascent, and large enough for carriages; the walls are covered with debris, and the suaharo and other indigenous plants cover the whole; the rocks about half way up are of gypsum; there are no windows and the entrance is at the top; the rooms are one above the other, but so as to leave a terrace in front of each dwelling. The next one receding several feet, and so on to the top; the rooms are eight feet from floor to ceiling. The great question is, who were the people who lived there and at what period did they live there? Some say they were the ancestors of the Mayas, a race of Indians who still inhabit southern Sonora, who have blue eyes, fair skin and light hair, and are said to be a moral, industrious and frugal race of people, who have a written language and know something of mathematics.

chiti, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Santa Ana, Laguna and Acoma; 3, Jemes; 4, Zuni; 5, San Juan, Santa Clara, Nambe, San Ildefonso, Pojuaque and Tezuque.

Thus by language, these Indians are nearly all cut off from verbal communication, not only with Mexicans, but with Pueblos of a different dialect. Some of them speak Spanish, and this is their mode of communication with other Pueblos of a different native tongue. It does not follow, however, that the groups by dialect correspond with their geographical grouping, and this is owing to the massing the Indians in larger pueblos, for the sake of economy and the facilities of instruction.

The Pueblo's manner of building is very peculiar, and the fact that the houses of some of the primitive races, still existing in parts of Old Mexico, and those now found in the pueblo villages of New Mexico, are of perfectly similar construction and distribution, goes far to fix the identity of the modern pueblo with the primitive Mexican race.

I have visited several pueblos in New Mexico; everywhere you find a square, small or large, according to the size of the village; around the "plaza," the dwellings are erected close together, so as to present outwardly an unbroken line of wall to the height of two or three stories. Viewed from the inner square, it presents the appearance of a succession of terraces with doors and windows opening upon them. To go to the house of the governor of Tezuque, for instance, you go up a ladder of about ten feet. There you meet a terrace about six feet wide, and the door of the sleeping apartment opens on that terrace, which has another ladder to go higher. To go to the lower apartments, you place the ladder and descend through a hole; these apartments have no windows, and this hole is the door and the chimney. This description, with slight variations is applicable to all the pueblo villages, however they may differ in size, position or nature of the ground.

Time, decay and want of proper care, are rapidly carrying off forever many documents of great importance, sole survivors of many more, which formed a part of the archives of Santa Fe. Papers of value, known to have existed there some years since, have disappeared; many others are in a perishing condition, and it is said that in 1846, Governor Armijo used up a large quantity of them for cartridges; and alas! he was not

the only one that did it. Among these documents the statistical ones are particularly numerous and satisfactory. Under the Spanish governments the whole military, civil and ecclesiastical administration was admirably carried out, and the official reports are models of completeness and brevity.

Father J. B. Francolon, lately parish priest of *Santa Cruz de la Canada* has yet in his possession a circular letter from one of the Superiors of the Franciscans to his brethren to gather up all the statistics, all facts worth preserving, and forward them yearly to the mother house at Mexico. No doubt the order was strictly obeyed.

Each pueblo has a separate and independent organization of its own. Their officers are a Cacique or Governor, Alcalde, War Captain, and Fiscal Major. These officers are elected and receive their confirmation from the Indian agent in Santa Fe. The Alcalde answers to our Justice of the Peace, but his decision is without appeal. All the pueblo disputes are settled within their own villages, without any recourse to our tribunals.

The results of the impression made upon the Pueblo Indians by the early Spanish missionaries are quite marked, but sadly damaged and disfigured by the neglect of the Mexican governments and priesthood, and the almost total absence of missionaries for many years. Nevertheless, every village has its Catholic church; some of them are very old. For instance, at the Pueblo of Tezuque you can read on a roughly painted altar piece the date 1745.

Many stories are told of what passes in their *Estera*, but all this is exaggeration. However, it must be acknowledged that they have a number of superstitious practices, and in particular have among them many secret societies that no one outside of the pueblo can ever penetrate.

They are good tillers of the ground, and some pueblos have great herds of cattle and horses; their principal manufacture consists of pottery. The vases and other articles they make are all of classic and Biblical shapes. These vases are extensively used through the territory.

CHAPTER V.

GOVERNORS OF NEW MEXICO.

It will not be amiss here to give the names of those who have had for centuries the civil direction of New Mexico. The oldest papers found in Santa Fé, bear the date of 1682, so that before that time it is difficult work to form the classification needed. If any one finds the present chapter tiresome, he may pass it over; it will be valuable to the historical student.

In 1595, Onate conquered the country, and subdued the Indians. He was the first regularly appointed and resident governor of New Mexico. For a period of sixty-one years, down to 1656, no records can be found in Santa Fé. The reports of the governors during those years must be full of interest, showing the precise condition of the country and its inhabitants. It is highly probable that many of these reports might yet be found in the archives of Seville and Madrid. It is a common belief that Otermin carried these papers with him to El Paso; but they cannot be found there, as I know from the Rev. Ramon Ortiz, for forty years parish priest of El Paso.

In the year 1600, Pedro de Peralta was governor, and probably the first who used that title. During that period, according to Shea's Catholic Missions, the country was nearly abandoned by the Spaniards. Still we find General Arguello as governor in 1640, and he defeated the first great insurrection of the Indians. In 1650, General Concha was governor, and he was called upon to quiet the second revolt of the pueblos. He administered the Territory till 1656, when he was relieved by Enrique de Abiluy Pacheco, of whom little is known. General Villanueva administered after him, and his administration which lasted to the year 1675, was disturbed by constant uprisings of the Indians who had found refuge with the Apaches in the Magdalena Mountains. In the year 1675, Juan Francisco Frecenia, who had succeeded Villanueva, had still greater difficulties to contend with than his predecessor. He left the government in the hands of Antonio de Otermin. Forced, as we saw, to return to El Paso in 1680, he endeavored to regain Santa Fé; but deterred by the fear of the Indians, he returned to El Paso and resigned his commission. In 1683, Bartolomeo de Estrada Ramirez was Governor and Captain-

General. From 1684 to 1692 we find as Governor, Don Domingo Jironza Petrez de Cruzate.

From 1692 to 1694, and again in 1703, New Mexico was ruled by General Don Diego de Vargas Zapatoz Lujan Ponce de Leon, who signs himself, *Marquez de la naba de Brazinas, gobernado, capitan, restorador, conquistador, a su Casta, reconquistador y poblador castellano, por su Majestad, etc., etc.* (Marquis of the root of Brazinas, governor, captain-general, restaurer, conqueror at his cost, reconquerer, Castilian and Castilian founder for His Majesty, etc., etc.)

Don Gaspar de Sandaval Zerda Silva y Mandoza succeeded Vargas in 1694; he was succeeded himself in 1697 by Don Pedro Rodriguez Cubero, who gave way for the second term of Vargas in 1703. From 1704 to 1710 the Duke of Albuquerque governed the Territory; but during an absence of the Duke of Albuquerque in 1705 we find a governor *ad interim* in the General Francisco Cuerbo y Valdez. The Marquis de la Penuela was another governor *ad interim* in 1708, and succeeded the Duke of Albuquerque in 1710 to 1712. He was the first to use the word *Nueco Mexico*; all the documents so far give the name *feminui la Nueva Mexico*.* Juan Paez de Hurnado was governor for a short time in 1712, and was *ad interim* at different other periods. In 1712 Don Fernando de Alencaster Morena y Silva, etc., etc., the Viceroy of New Spain, administered the Territory and visited New Mexico, when he confirmed, as governor, the appointee of King Phillip himself. Juan Ignacio Flores Magallon; who governed five years, entering into office October, 5, 1712. In 1721, he was tried at Santa Fe for malfeasance in office, and condemned to pay one hundred dollars costs, but no effects were found wherewith to satisfy the bill of costs, and as the document says: "The governor himself *non est inventus*; supposed to be absent in the city of Mexico."

Magallon, however, did not remain governor to the time of his trial; he left in 1714 and was succeeded by General Don Antonio Valverde Cassio, who remained only one year, when

* It is he who in 1710 rebuilt the church of San Miguel, Santa Fe, and completed it, as is clear from the inscription on the principal beam of the gallery. His full name and title was: Admiral Don Jose Chacon Medina Solajar I Villasenor, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Governor and Captain-General of this Kingdom of New Mexico.

King Philip in October 1715, appointed Governor Martinez, who was qualified at Santa Fé, December 1, 1715. In 1721, Juan de Estrada y Austria, judge for his Majesty, was acting governor at the trial of Magallon. Juan Domingo de Bustamente was then appointed by the King and remained in office to 1730.

Gervacio Cruzate y Gongora governed from 1730 to 1736, and was followed for two years by Henrique de Olaride y Michelena. His successor did not take possession until 1739; this was Don Gaspar Domingo y Mendoza. In 1744, Don Joaquin Codallas y Rabal, was governor until 1747, when he was succeeded *ad interim* by Francisco Huemes y Horcasitas.

The following who was a Capuchin Friar, Don Thomas Velez, was three times governor, during the years from 1749 to 1773, at intervals.

In the year 1761, we find as governor, Francisco Antonio Maria del Valle; also at different times from 1762 to 1778 Don Pedro Fermin de Mendinetta. In 1780 Juan Bautista de Anaya, and subsequently for several terms to 1800, Fernando de la Concha. His service seems to have been alternate with Fernando Chacon, who finally superseded him from 1800 to 1805.

Joaquin del Real Alencaster, followed him to 1808. Then for several terms *ad interim*, to 1819, came Don Jose Manrique. Still in 1811, we see as governor with headquarters at Chihuahua, Nemecio Salcedo; in 1815 Alberto Maynez, and in 1816, Pedro Maria de Allande.

Finally, from 1818 to 1822, Facundo Melgares governed the Territory. He is the last governor under the Spanish rule. He is represented by Pike, whom he imprisoned for being an officer under Alencaster, as a "gentleman and gallant soldier."

Although Facundo Melgares remained in the Territory till 1822, the New Mexican government sent as "Commanding and political chief," (*gefefe superior politico*) Don Alejo Garcia Conde, in the commencement of the year 1821. He was succeeded as political chief by Antonio Viscarra, who was removed at the end of 1823, and in 1824, Bartolome Baca took the gubernatorial chair to September 13, 1825; when Antonia Narbona, a Canadian by birth, took the chair, followed by Manuel Armijo in 1827; Jose Antonio Chavez in 1828; Santiago Abreu, 1831; Francesco Sarracino, 1833; Mariano Chavez, 1835; Albino Perez, 1837. In January of that year,

New Mexico, until then a Territory, was made a department of the Republic, and Perez confirmed as governor. He was assassinated in Santa Fé by the Pueblo Indians on the 9th of August 1837, and on the following day Jose Gonzales, a Pueblo Indian, was proclaimed governor of New Mexico by the insurgents, and as such placed in possession of the "Palace," in Santa Fé.* Manuel Armijo, at the head of the military, had him executed on the 27th of January, 1838. Armijo then took the power in his hands, but was subsequently confirmed by the national government of Mexico. He remained governor till 1844, when in January of that year he was suspended from office by the Inspector-General, and Mariano Martinez acted as governor to September 18th, when Jose Chavez superseded him to December, at which epoch Manuel Armijo was again chosen governor.

Manuel Armijo is the last governor under the Mexican rule. He remained in office till August 18, 1846, when the United States troops took formal possession of New Mexico. By proclamation from General S. W. Kearny, who commanded the troops, Charles Bent was duly appointed the first U. S. Governor of New Mexico.

Charles Bent was assassinated at Taos, July 17, 1847, and Donaciano Vigil was confirmed in his place; the following years to March, 1851, were without a civil governor, the Ter-

* Gabino Perez deserves a passing notice. He was a native of the city of Mexico; a man of education, he established schools everywhere. He never missed church on Sunday, going as military commander to the *Castrense*, or military chapel, and as political chief to the church of San Francisco, now the Cathedral. It is known that the garrison who lived in the *Garita* near the palace, said their Rosary every day.

In order to sustain his schools, he established a commission to levy taxes to pay half of the salary of the teachers, the general government paying the other half. This angered some men of weight in the Territory, and they formed a plot against him in Taos and Rio Arriba. They roused all the Pueblos, of the north, persuading them that the Governor desired all to learn the language of the Americans, in order to deliver them to the strangers. In a short while a thousand men were under arms, massed at Santa Cruz. They marched upon Santa Fé; Perez with twenty-five soldiers went to meet them, and he had the courage to attack them at a place called Puertecito. Two of his officers and some soldiers fell on the field; Perez fled to Santa Fé with some of his officers, closely pursued by the rebels. They at once mounted horses, and started for Mexico on the large road called Camino de Vargas, but the Indians of Santo Domingo were awaiting them, lying in ambuscade.

ritory being successively under the command of J. M. Washington and John Monroe, commandants of the Department.

On the 3rd of March, 1851, the Organic Act passed Congress, and the Territory came again into the hands of civil governors as follows: 1851-52, James Calhoun, who died June 30, 1852, and Secretary John Greiner, served by virtue of his office; 1852-53, William Carr Low; 1853-57, David Mariwether; 1857-61, Abraham Rencher; 1861-66, Henry Connelly; 1866-69, Robert B. Mitchell; 1869-71, William A. Pile; 1871-75, Marsh Giddings who died June 3, 1875 and W. G. Ritch, Secretary, served by virtue of his office; 1875-78, Samuel B. Axtell; 1878-81, Lewis Wallace; 1881-85, Lionel A. Sheldon; 1885, E. G. Ross who now occupies the "Palace" as governor.

This list is as complete and as reliable as possible, and could be found in the office of the Surveyor General, H. M. Atkinson when he was in office.*

* Gen. Atkinson resigned his office in 1883, and after a long sickness died in October, 1886.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGIOUS STATE OF NEW MEXICO UNDER THE MEXICAN RULE.

For years Mexico had contemplated the overthrow of the Spanish rule in her fair domain. Like the surge of the ocean, deep, low murmurs were heard on all sides, and penetrated far into the Provinces. The year 1810 had witnessed the first struggle for Independence under Hidalgo. It had been quickly repressed. But the spirit of Independence had penetrated the very people. Too often the proud Spaniard had made the Mexican feel that he was of pure Castilian blood; it could be borne no longer.

In Europe, Napoleon Bonaparte, like a bright meteor, illuminating the heavens for a moment, and then passing away in total darkness, had run over Europe as over his own domains; he had set crowns over the brows of all the Bonapartes, and Spain did not escape. But when Napoleon had passed away, pining on the "Forlorn rock," amid the billows of the Mediterranean, the Bonapartes of Spain had quickly descended the steps of the throne, and the treaty of Paris had restored to the Bourbons the throne of Isabella, the "Catholic," but—oh! what ruins! what weakness!

Now was the time. The Mexicans assembled in *ayuntamientos*, and ordered away all Spaniards from Mexican soil, and on September 28th, 1821, Mexico published her Declaration of Independence of the Spanish rule. The rising succeeded at once; it became general, and no Spaniard was left in the country unless identified with his adopted country.

It was not a bloody revolution, although a few lives were lost here and there, and many a *Caballero* returned penniless to the mother country.

Even before the uprising of 1821, New Mexico had felt the commotions of the volcano upon which the country stood. In 1812, Knight, Baird and Chambers brought merchandise overland, but were treated as spies and their goods were confiscated. No serious troubles were felt, however, owing to the strength of the governor, Joaquin del Real Alencaster.

One of the first acts of the new Republic was from the Legislature, called "Provincial deputation," April 27th, 1822,

which issued a decree to establish public schools, as follows: Resolved, "That the said *ayuntamientos* be officially notified to complete the formation of primary public schools, as soon as possible, according to the circumstances of each community."

On April 5th, Francis Xavier Chaves reached Santa Fé as political chief, and with him a government was inaugurated. The overland trade with the United States virtually dates from the same year.

In the year 1824, Bartolome Baca was sent as political chief, with the instruction of forming one State of Durango, Chihuahua and New Mexico. Baca resided at Chihuahua for a short time. New Mexico became dissatisfied about the new arrangement, and lent an ear to overtures made by the United States to join the American Union.

From its first settlement, the Province of New Mexico had been under the Bishop of Guadalajara. But about 1730, the See of Durango having been erected by the Holy See, all the churches of New Mexico were placed under the care of its Bishop, who for the first time in 1737 visited this vast Province, the northern part of his diocese. From that time, for nearly one hundred years, hardly any Bishop visited this country, till the Most Rev. Zubiria who at great peril and hardship visited the New Mexican part of his diocese.

After the Mexican Revolution of 1821 and the expulsion of the Spanish Franciscans, the wants of the parishes at first so flourishing under the saintly Friars, were supplied by secular priests sent from Durango. It is easy to understand that all the missions could not be supplied, and that living thousands of miles away from the bishops of the diocese, the discipline must have considerably relaxed.

Early in the eighteenth century, the erection of a See at Santa Fé had been urged upon, and although a royal decree later and a special bull of the Pope, in 1777, ordered the "Erection of a College," nothing was done.

In 1798, the Franciscans had eighteen Fathers with twenty-four missions; in 1805, they had increased to twenty-six Fathers and thirty missions; and when they fled the country in 1821, there were twenty Indian Pueblos and one hundred and two Spanish towns or ranches, all attended by Franciscan Fathers, except Santa Fé, Albuquerque and Santa Cruz de la

Canada, where secular priests were stationed. When the Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, D. D., reached Santa Fe in 1851, he found twenty-five churches and forty chapels, many in a ruinous condition. The priests, all Mexicans, were very few. In those thirty years the Church experienced great losses in New Mexico.

Through the want of care of both the Mexican government and Mexican clergy, the province was destitute of educational establishments of any kind.

In 1832, Rev. Juan Felipe Ortiz, was appointed Vicar for the Bishop of Durango, with residence at Santa Fe.

A fact to be noticed, notwithstanding the lack of education during that sad period, is that on November 29th, 1835, the first printing press was brought to the Territory by Cura Martinez, of Taos. The first newspaper issued on that day was called *El Crepusculo* (The Dawn.) It was issued for four weeks; its size was letter sheet.*

In the meanwhile, New Mexico suffered greatly from the frequent revolutions and *pronunciamientos*, issued in the mother country. The *provincial deputation* had given way as a power; a President of the Republic was created in 1825 and Guadalupe Victorio was inaugurated April 1. He was succeeded by Santa Anna in 1833, who himself was overthrown in 1835 and a new constitution adopted. All these revolutions were felt in New Mexico both by the Church and the State, and religious as well as civil progress was retarded.

Much dissatisfaction was felt with the new constitution and it culminated in a conspiracy by the Indians in 1837, against the governor Albino Perez, and he was assassinated by them as we have seen, and the half-breed Indian Jose Gonzalez, proclaimed provisional governor.

It was this dissatisfaction of a part of the people of New Mexico, which gave rise to the famous Texas-Santa Fe expedition, which terminated so disastrously for the Texans. The expedition started from the Valley of Brush Creek, near Austin, June 21, 1841, under General McLeod. Many of those who composed it had nothing else in view than trading, and brought a great amount of merchandise. But this was not the view of General Lamar, the President of the "Lone Star republic." Texas claimed the Rio Grande as her western bound-

* Ritch, Blue Book.

ary; many in that eastern half of New Mexico, seemed to desire their coming and throw off the galling yoke of Mexico, and Lamar with his associates, who kept their secret, wished these young men to reduce Santa Fé under the rule of Texas. All know how they were roughly handled by General Armijo, when, after untold hardships, they were met at Apache Canon, made prisoners, and, tied together like cattle, sent to the city of Mexico. It is not my purpose to write the history of the Texas-Santa Fé expedition. It has been well written by Geo. Wilkins Kendall; he is somewhat inimical to the Catholic church, but I think more through ignorance than malice. No book can give a clearer idea of General Armijo than Kendall's "Narrative."*

August 18, 1846, brings us to the American occupation of New Mexico, by General S. W. Kearny, and to an era of prosperity, both religious and political, for the Territory.

New Mexico was so far back, on that year, that it is asserted that "adobe palaces," alone in the Territory had window glass.

The Church and the Territory gained nothing by the Mexican rule, and it cannot be said that the government was favorable to religion, and there is no doubt that many of the leading men enriched themselves out of the funds of the Church.

* Kendall's narrative may be somewhat strained, but it is certain that on the occasion referred to Armijo showed himself a cruel and cowardly tyrant. When the poor prisoners were chained to march on foot to the city of Mexico, he ordered his cruel lieutenant to shoot down any one who could not keep up with the others, "and bring him the ears," and it was done to the letter; five of them were shot, and their ears brought as trophies to Armijo.

CHAPTER VII.

ERECTION OF THE SEE OF SANTA FE.

The Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, the first Archbishop of Santa Fe, was born on the 11th of October, 1814, at Lempdes, in the Department of Puy-de-Dome, France. His parents were Jean Lamy and Marie Dié. His venerable father belonging to one of the principal farming families in the country, was for years *maire* of Lempdes, his native parish, and gained by his piety, generosity and unflinching rectitude, the esteem of both his fellow-citizens and the French Government. His mother was known as a woman of refined attainments and great piety.

Jean Baptiste was the youngest of eleven children, of whom eight died in infancy, three only remained, the joy and pride of their truly Christian parents, two boys and a girl. Etienne, the oldest of the three, entered the marriage state and handed down the religious traditions of the family, giving to the Church several of his children, among whom we find the well-known Mother Francisca, the actual Superior of the Sisters of Loretto in New Mexico and the lamented Father Anthony Lamy, who in the vigor of his priesthood, died Feb. 6th, 1876, at Manzano, the victim of his untiring zeal; besides others who settled in the world and became ornaments to society.

John Baptist's sister was named Margaret. Early in life she entered the house of the Sisters of Mercy, in her native land, and received the name of Soeur Marie. Later, in 1848, she was sent to America with her brother who had made a journey to France, and she died at New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1851, whither she went to accompany her holy brother lately consecrated Bishop of Santa Fe.

John Baptist was at an early date sent to the Royal College and *petit seminaire* of Clermont. His progress in that truly religious institution was remarkable, both for science and piety. He followed the studies of the college with great success, was loved both by his superiors and companions for his strict obedience and kind disposition of heart, and his college course was a happy time for him and a blessed one for his good parents. He was naturally so kind, so innocent, that his little companions had named him "the Lamb."

From the college of Clermont, where he completed successfully his course of philosophy, he passed to the Grand Seminary of Montferrand to commence his theological studies. If he had been a good and happy boy at college, he was at Montferrand, no less a scrupulous and yet cheerful seminarian. The strict obedience to rule as practised in French seminaries, and particularly in the seminary of Montferrand, is wonderful. The young seminarian followed all the rules with religious scrupulousness. It was there, in the midst of retirement and meditation, that was developed that vocation for the mission which he had already felt moving his heart at college while reading those wonderful acts of mortification, love of God and even martyrdom of Missioners, contained monthly in the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith."* It was there that he perfected those virtues which were to make of him not only a good priest, but an untiring missionary in the West, and which culminated in his rising to the highest post of honor, and of labor as well—in the vast Territory of New Mexico.

The pious seminarian, having completed his theological studies, was called successively to tonsure, minor and higher Orders, till finally on the Ember days of December, 1838, he received the priesthood at the hands of the venerable and ever to be remembered Mgr. Ferron, more than forty years bishop of Clermont, who appointed the new priest *vicaire* at Chapre, where he remained only a few months.

In 1839, the lamented Dr. J. B. Purcell, late Archbishop of Cincinnati, made a journey to France and Ireland, to supply with priests his new and vast diocese and increasing population. The burning desire for western missions, with all their sufferings and dangers, was revived in the heart of the young *vicaire*; his zeal could not contain itself, he saw Dr. Purcell, applied for admission, obtained his Ordinary's blessing, and in the summer of that year started for the scene of his many labors, with his new Bishop, forming one of a large party of priests and levites.

Holy band which gave to America such men as Rev. de Goesbriand, bishop of Burlington, Rt. Rev. A. Rapp the first

* At that time, these "Annals" were called *Lettres edifiantes*.

bishop of Cleveland,* Rt. Rev. P. J. Machebeuf, bishop of Denver, Colorado, and those Fathers, who, without receiving the mitre, worked so hard in the American portion of the Lord's Vineyard, Fathers Navarron, Gacon and Cheymol.

Some of these have received their reward in Heaven for leaving behind all they held dear, to work without ceasing for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

The zealous young missionary was appointed to several missions in Knox, and three other counties in Ohio. For eight years his labors were blessed by numerous conversions in Gambier, Mansfield, Ashland, Londonville, Wooster, Canal Dover, Massillon, as far as Canton and Mount Vernon, in particular, where he resided frequently, although he made his home at Wooster. He was afterwards transferred to Covington, Kentucky, where he spent three years in the midst of the most arduous duties. These missions were not, then, without much labor and danger. The settlements were extremely scattered, the means of traveling few and of primitive style, the rivers were bridgeless, and the people exceedingly poor and lonely. The Catholic church was viewed with distrust and even jealousy and anger by many non-Catholics, and its progress interfered with. It mattered not; the young missionary had come not to look back, holding the plow, but to look steadily forward.

Eleven years were thus spent for the Lord, when in 1850, Father Lamy was created by the Holy See, Bishop of Agathon *in part. inf.* and Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico. No time was to be lost, and so, with his usual energy, the young Bishop, only thirty-six years of age, repaired to Cincinnati, was consecrated by Dr. Purcell on the 24th of November, 1850, and immediately after, set out to "conquer" his See, if I may use the expression. His trials at New Orleans, his shipwreck in the Gulf, his sickness and his hardships through Texas, and the difficulties he met after his arrival, justify me in calling him a conqueror.

Leaving his sister at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, and his niece, Mother Francisca, then a young lady, at the Ursuline Convent in New Orleans, he embarked alone on a vessel sailing for Galveston and went safely through the dan-

* Although these two were somewhat delayed and did not arrive immediately.

gers of the deep sea. But when nearing the Port de LaVaca, a terrible northern wind storm arose, and the vessel was shipwrecked close to the shore. All on board were saved, but everything was lost; church articles, vestments, sacred vessels carried with much care for the missions, clothing, books—all were lost.

Once, while a guest of Dr. Lamy, I espied some volumes in his library, that seemed to have received a thorough soaking, and looked like veterans battered in war, amid new recruits. I inquired of the venerable Archbishop the meaning of it. His eyes sparkled; a smile lit up his kindly face, and he told me that they were fished out of the waters of the Gulf. With great kindness, and even joy at the remembrance, he described to me his shipwreck, his desolation at having lost everything, till spying quite near the shore one of his trunks drifting seaward, he offered a small sum of money to a young negro boy, who swam to the trunk, and, pushing it before him as he swam shoreward, brought it to land. It was opened. Oh! in what condition! The books in my hands were of those saved in that one trunk; all else was lost.

Anxious to reach his destination and be at work in his immense field of labor, behold the young bishop, seated in a common cart, with his solitary trunk for baggage, driven by a Texan, starting for Santa Fé, on the then almost trackless desert, nothing daunted by the distance, the fear of wild beasts, rivers of brackish water, with precipitous banks, want of provisions, utter solitude, having to cross the haunts of wild Indians roaming over the prairies, who were always on the alert for booty and bloodshed.

Nearing San Antonio, the cart being about to upset, the bishop jumped to the ground; but alas! he fell upon brambles and badly sprained his ankle. Happily, only a few miles away was San Antonio; there he was conveyed, and thanks be to God, he was received in the house of the priest, Father Calvo. Near by was the residence of the worthy family of Dignowity, well-known throughout Texas, a family of stanch Catholics, and keeping up to the letter all the Catholic practices of their old European home. There he lay for eight months before he could set his foot on the ground and restart upon his arduous journey. This worthy family were untiring in their attentions to the noble guest of their pastor, and, it

is owing to the care of the good priest and to theirs that he got well at all, and does not still suffer from this painful accident. Had it not been for them he would have been, most probably, a cripple for the balance of his life.

During his forced stay at the house of Father Calvo, an event happened which bound the Bishop still more closely to the family Dignowity. A son was born to them, and nothing would do but he must stand for the child. The Bishop assented, and amid the rejoicings of the family and neighbors, Charles J. Baptist Dignowity, received the Sacrament of Baptism, and the Bishop stood godfather.

Finding himself getting strong and anxious to take his flight towards his expectant flock, he resolved to resume his journey, and soon set out amidst the regrets and blessings of his friends. I pass over the untold toils, hardships and dangers Dr. Lamy went through during this perilous journey. He reached Santa Fé in the summer of 1851, after a journey of nine months, since his setting out from New Orleans.

In Santa Fé, old persons relate a fact which shows their faith. The ground was parched for want of water, all the water courses and ditches were dried up, sheep and cattle were in a dying condition, and poverty was staring in the face of the people. But on the day of the Bishop's arrival, a bountiful rain fell, animate and inanimate nature was refreshed, grass sprung up, and the year was one of plenty.

Though arrived at his destination, the Bishop soon found himself surrounded by great difficulties. Both the clergy and the people were unwilling to acknowledge the new prelate's authority. The reason given by authors who have spoken of this fact is, they say, that before its annexation to the United States, New Mexico being under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durango, in Mexico, the latter, had not had time to inform this distant portion of his flock of the action of the Holy See, in erecting the new diocese of Santa Fé. This is not quite correct, and the facts are contrary to it. The saintly Bishop of Durango, Dr. Zubiria, had been advised in time, and had immediately set out for New Mexico, visiting every mission of the diocese, and performing everywhere his episcopal duties. But he had not been consulted in the dismemberment of his diocese, and he felt quite unwilling to quietly stand by it. The clergy had another reason, they had been living at ease, twelve hundred

miles from their Bishop, and they dreaded the presence of the new prelate among them; I might add, that many of them were utterly opposed to American rule, either civil or ecclesiastical.

The indefatigable Dr. Lamy set out on horseback, with a solitary guide, for the city of Durango; he had an interview with its Bishop, and everything was settled amicably. Without taking time for rest, he returned, having performed a journey of three thousand miles on horseback.

In his new diocese he found but few priests, while it was destitute of educational establishments of any kind. The young bishop put his hand to the grand work of building up Catholicity with an energy that cannot be overpraised. His adventures and long journeys over the vast plains extending from Kansas City to Fort Union, plains with no inhabitants, then, save wild beasts and roving Indians, border on romance. Though about nine hundred miles in extent, Dr. Lamy crossed these plains twelve times for the welfare of his vast diocese.

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. LAMY OBTAINS SISTERS OF LORETTO.—THEIR ARRIVAL AT SANTA FÉ.—THEIR SUCCESS.

Bishop Lamy, ever anxious for the good of his diocese, desired to enrich it with devoted Sisters, to teach the young knowing well that this was the best way to reach the people. Having heard of the self-denial of Father Nerinckx's spiritual children, and of the severe training they had gone through, he concluded that they were the very ones whom Divine Providence had designed for the laborious missions which the Holy See had confided to his care. He applied for a colony of Sisters, and his request was cheerfully granted. Faithful to its traditions, and to the injunctions of its founder, Loretto could not refuse a mission which seemed to promise nothing but hardships and privations.

Early in the Spring of 1852, the missionary Bishop left Santa Fé to assist at the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, crossing for the first time the dreary waste called with reason, the "American Desert."* In the commencement of June he reached Bardstown, and preparations were soon made. But before returning to New Mexico, the Bishop went to New Orleans, to visit his niece who was still at the Ursuline Convent, since his departure for Santa Fé.

"On Sunday," says Mother Magdalen in her "Annals of Our Lady of Light," June 27, 1852. after Mass, the Sisters destined for Mexico, left the Mother house of Loretto; Mother Matilda Mills and Sisters Catherine, Mary Magdalen, Monica, Hilaria and Roberta. The same day they arrived at Bardstown, and on Thursday morning, July 1st, they reached St. Louis, and were kindly received by Archbishop Kenrick. In the meanwhile they visited the Convent of St. Ferdinand, at Florissant, and spent a few days with their own Sisters. As soon as they heard of the Bishop's return from New Orleans,

* It was at that Council that a petition was made by the Fathers to the Holy See, to have Dr. Lamy appointed titular Bishop of Santa Fé. The Bulls were not delayed, and the Bishop of Agathon became Bishop of Santa Fé.

they joined him at St. Louis, and on the 10th of July left by the steamer "Kansas," which was to convey them as far as Independence. With them traveled a family and some other persons belonging to the Bishop's suite.

The Sisters had accepted the mission in a true spirit of self-abnegation; yet they little dreamed, as the spires of the city receded from view, how soon Providence was going to put their virtue to a test. There had already been some cases of cholera on board, when, on Friday, the 16th, at two A. M., Mother Mathilda was attacked; her sufferings lasted till about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, when she gave her soul into the hands of her Maker, after having received the sacraments of penance and Extreme Unction at the hands of the Bishop. Two hours later the steamer landed at Todd's Warehouse, six miles from Independence. In the meantime Sister Monica had also contracted the disease, and the landing was truly affecting, the Sisters following the couch of their dying Sister and the coffin of their dear Mother. The inhabitants stood in such dread of the cholera that the Sisters were not allowed to enter their houses, and were therefore obliged to remain in the warehouse."

The next morning, July 17th, three of the Sisters, with the Bishop and some other persons, accompanied the carriage which conveyed the corpse of Mother Mathilda to its last resting place, in the graveyard of Independence. But on the way they were met by a Sheriff who had been deputed by the authorities to forbid entrance into the town. for fear of contagion. However, the Bishop's firm attitude, and perhaps, too, compassion for the sad spectacle, caused this official to relent. They continued their way to the graveyard, and there they saw the cold earth receive into its bosom the remains of her whom they had loved and revered.

"The Bishop," continues Mother Magdalen, quoted by Bishop Maes, "now took the three Sisters, Catherine, Hilaria and Roberta, to the town and left them there, whilst Sister Magdalen remained in the warehouse with Sister Monica. But on the night of the following Monday, July 18th, Sister Magdalen herself was attacked with the chol-

era, and made what she believed to be her last confession. The place being ill-suited for ladies, especially religious ones, sick unto death; the Bishop, unable to make better arrangements, had the two dying sisters removed to tents about two miles from the town. The poor Sisters were much better off than in the warehouse, although they had many inconveniences to bear, and had nothing but the canvas tent to screen them from the heat of July."

After a few days Sister Magdalen began to recover. On Sunday, July 23d, the three Sisters came from Independence, and heard mass said 'by Bishop Lamy in a tent. It was impossible for Sister Monica to proceed any further, her recovery being doubtful, and in spite of her great desire to pursue the journey to New Mexico, she returned to Independence until her health should be sufficiently restored to return to the convent at Loretto. As Sister Magdalen could travel in a carriage, although very weak, they left Independence on Saturday, July 31st, to go into camp some four miles distant, where the Bishop and part of his suite (for the others were waiting at Willow Springs) had already encamped. There the Sisters went to confession, and the next morning received holy communion at the hands of the Bishop.

After the death of Mother Mathilda, Sister Magdalen was chosen to fill the office of Superior, and this election was promptly approved and confirmed at Loretto. Thus was Mother Magdalen chosen in the designs of Providence to guide this young colony of Sisters to Santa Fé; to protect them against all the blasts of trials and difficulties; to build for them the material and spiritual edifice of their order in Santa Fé; to create schools and academies to the honor of Our Lady of Light, the finest edifice in America, a chapel which can compare advantageously with any of the kind, even in Europe—but more about it later. Dear Mother Magdalen, after thirty years of untold toils and privations, has been stricken down by palsy, but her head and her heart are as warm and as sound as ever, and although she gave up the charge of the flourishing community into the hands of another self, Mother Francisca Lamy, she is still the guiding spirit of the institution—a broken

flower, but keeping all the perfume of virtues and science which animated her active life.

On the evening of August 1st they reached Willow Springs, a fine watering place a few miles from Westport, and there found the other party ready to start. So they lost no time, and started all together; but they had proceeded only a few miles when one of the wagons broke down, and there they were obliged to camp in order to repair the wagon.

That night was a terrible one for the travelers. A fearful storm arose; the wind blew with violence; the rain fell in torrents; the tents could not be pitched, and all, the Sisters and other ladies of the party, had to remain in the wagons and protect themselves as well as they could against the beating storm. It lasted the whole night, and the warring elements seemed to bid each other defiance. Mother Magdalen, who records the fact, says that the Sisters were much terrified at the fury of the storm, which at times seemed ready to shatter to pieces their frail tenement, and they sought protection in prayer.

The Bishop, regardless of the storm, was everywhere, with his usual and untiring energy, now encouraging the frightened Sisters, then giving directions to the muleteers, saving the party from another dreaded accident, the stampee of the animals; visiting the traveling party, never taking any rest until every one was as comfortable as possible, thus acting the part of a father with all.

Some time was spent the next day to repair damages. On the following Sunday, the 8th, the Bishop said mass near an Indian hut on the banks of the Hundred-and-Ten creek. Thence they passed Burlingame, and on the eve of the Assumption reached Council Grove. All confessed that evening, and on the next morning received communion at the hand of the Bishop. The Sisters, according to their rules, renewed their vows at the time of mass. The next day the march was resumed, and no mass was said until they reached Pawnee Fork, on the spot where now stands the town of Larned, at the junction of the Pawnee river and the Arkansas. For the first time, buffaloes were killed by the party, and fresh meat enjoyed.

Resuming their march, on the 7th of September they passed the then existing Fort Atkinson, and encamped some miles beyond, but still in Kansas, when a party of Indian warriors four hundred strong fell upon them and surrounded them. All were terrified, particularly the ladies. This was the Indians' hunting ground, and whenever they could do so with impunity, they would attack caravans. On this occasion they seemed peaceable; the Bishop was even enabled to baptize the child of a captive Mexican woman. Still as their intentions were not known, and the Indian is often treacherous, the Bishop thought prudent not to make any move, hoping they would retire; but as they seemed disposed to remain, he ordered his company to march in the evening, and the caravan traveled all night, as the Indians do not generally make their attacks in the dark.

The Arkansas was crossed, and on Sunday, 12th of September, Cimarron was reached. On the 14th Very Rev. P. J. Machebeuf*, then Vicar-General, with a party of men and animals, met the caravan near Red River. I need not say how agreeable and affecting was that meeting, and the assistance it brought. Near Fort Union they were supplied with fresh meat and fresh bread, a most welcome food after the hard tack of the journey, which was frequently rationed. Las Vegas was reached on the 18th. This was the first Mexican town reached. The next morning the Bishop said mass in a private dwelling, not far from the town. There he stopped to rest, and sent Father Machebeuf with the Sisters to what was then called the Bishop's *rancho* or farm, a little over fifteen miles from Santa Fé. This *rancho* was subsequently sold to Hon. F. Manyanarez, Member of Congress, and the A. T. & S. F. has established there a station called after the Archbishop. To show the zeal of the Bishop for the spiritual welfare of those under his care, I must say that during the journey he said mass and preached every Sunday but one, when it

*Rt. Rev. P. J. Machebeuf, now Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, had followed his friend Bishop Lamy to his western diocese, and had been appointed Vicar-General. He also had labored in Ohio with great success.

was absolutely impossible; but prayers were said in common.

The Bishop set out from Las Vegas on Wednesday, and on Thursday, 23d of September, quietly entered his episcopal city, to prepare the way for the coming caravan, entirely unmindful of his own comforts. On Sunday, 26th, the party left the ranch and started for Santa Fe, where they arrived at four P. M. The people, led by Father Ortiz* and other Mexican priests, went several miles to meet them. As they approached the city, the crowd increased so much that the carriages could scarcely pass through the streets of the ancient metropolis. Triumphal arches had been erected, and the bells of the different churches were pealing. They were received at the door of the cathedral, presented with holy water, and led to the foot of the altar. The *Te Deum* was sung, accompanied by Mexican music, violin, guitars, etc., and the ceremony terminated with the episcopal blessing. Thence the Sisters were conducted by the Bishop, Vicar-General and clergy to the house prepared for them, and the priests who had accompanied the party were lodged in the house of the Bishop, and thus ended this long and painful journey, full of accidents and dangers. All felt glad at being finally at home in Santa Fé.

“The Sisters,” continues Mother Magdalen, “did not open school immediately, as they needed some time to apply themselves to the study of the language of the country, Spanish. In November they received their first boarders, two children who had lost their mother. When these were admitted the Bishop remarked to Mother Magdalen; ‘It is well to begin with an act of charity.’ The Sisters, however, were amply rewarded, for the two children were baptized the next Christmas, in the convent chapel, and when their father withdrew them from school he paid for their tuition, whereas the teachers had not expected to receive a cent.

*Father Juan Felipe Ortiz had been Vicar-General for New Mexico under Bishop Svbiria of Durango, and was then residing at the Cathedral.

"The school opened in January, 1853, with ten boarders and three day scholars, but at the close of August the number had increased to twenty boarders and twenty-two day scholars.

"The house which the Sisters occupied had been ceded to them by Bishop Lamy, who lived in the same building, but in another square or *plazita* entirely separated from them. As their house was now too small, he, in October, 1853, gave up the whole to them, and rented a house for himself.

Afterwards the Sisters obtained, on very reasonable terms, a piece of property in a secluded part of the city, and containing the best looking house in town, and called *La Casa Americana*, the American house, because it had a shingle roof, all the other roofs in town being flat and covered with earth. An orchard and grounds were laid out, and the Sisters began to occupy their new home in September, 1855. Since then the new province has prospered beyond all human expectations, and besides the house of Santa Fé, in which is the novitiate, and which has been called the Convent of Our Lady of Light, it possesses the following houses: The Convent of the Annunciation, in Mora, was established in 1854, whilst Father J. B. Salpointe, now Archbishop of Santa Fé, was parish priest at that place. In 1853 the Convent of St. Joseph was established in Taos under the care of the Rev. Gabriel Ussel, the parish priest of Taos. The Convent of Our Lady of Guadalupe was first established in Albuquerque in 1866, but that mission was given up in 1869. In the same year was established the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, in Las Vegas. In 1870 the Visitation Academy was established at Los Cruces, through the generosity of the Rt. Rev. J. B. Salpointe, then Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, in whose diocese Las Cruces was included. The Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was established in 1875 in Bernalillo. Later, in 1879, the Convent of Mount Carmel was established in Socorro.

In 1864 the Convent and Academy of Denver was established. The zealous and untiring Father Machebeuf, the pastor of that rising city, and now its worthy Bishop, came

himself to Santa Fé, and brought a colony of Sisters to the capital of Colorado. Since then the novitiate of Santa Fé, being unable to supply them with a sufficient number of Sisters, they are supplied from Loretto, and have themselves formed missions at Pueblo, Conejos and elsewhere, spreading everywhere the light of the knowledge of God and the sweet odor of the most exalted virtues.

Before closing this subject, I could not pass over in silence the fine chapel and the Academy of Our Lady of Light, built entirely by the energy of Mother Magdalen and the self-abnegation of the Sisters, who many times deprived themselves of the necessary wants of life, in order to be able to erect a suitable temple to the Almighty and an Academy worthy of the high renown of the sister institution of Our Lady of Light. The chapel, commenced in 1873, is built of stone, with veins and arches of the purest Gothic style, constructed entirely of native material. This chapel cost thirty thousand dollars, and is a monument to the devotion of all interested in that great enterprise—a chapel which can compare favorably with the finest in the largest cities of the land. The Academy was commenced in the spring of 1880.

In May, 1881, the first symptoms of a rheumatic affection manifested themselves in Mother Magdalen, but she was heedless of the pains, confident that her hitherto robust constitution would eventually resist the disease; but on the 28th of August she was obliged to keep her bed, which she has been unable to leave since, leaving younger hands the active direction of the Convent and Novitiate, and Sister Francisca was appointed Mother; but still Mother Magdalen remains, by her piety and business qualities, as dear as ever to the good Sisters.

CHAPTER IX.

BISHOP LAMY GOES TO ROME.—HE BRINGS WITH HIM, ON HIS RETURN, THE FIRST CARAVAN OF FRENCH PRIESTS.

Ever anxious for the good of his diocese, the Bishop took no rest. One year was spent in correcting abuses which had crept, unconsciously as it were, into the church during the period of the Mexican rule, which—God be praised for it—was of short duration. The Mexican Government did not strictly speaking persecute the church, but its want of care for both church and state was unpardonable, and, alas! that we must say it, the clergy did not rise much above the governing powers in striving to promote the glory of God and procure the salvation of souls. Dr. Lamy, ably seconded by his Vicar General and bosom friend, Father Machebeuf, went everywhere to see for himself, and set to work to correct abuses, to establish schools, to form religious associations; and thus they were employed during the winter and spring of 1853. Then it was time for Dr. Lamy to visit Rome to obtain the approval and the blessing of the Holy See upon his work, and also to obtain clergy a more careful of the work of planting faith and virtues in the hearts of the people than were those priests who for years had led their flocks in pastures of their own choice, but reprov'd of God. In the fall of 1853 the energetic young Bishop set out from Santa Fé with a caravan to cross those formidable plains, the American Desert, the home of the Indian and coyote—a desert extending nearly nine hundred miles in breadth, from New Mexico to the Missouri river. He rested only a short while at St. Louis, Cincinnati and Bardstown, from whence he made a flying visit to Loretto to give news of the saintly colony of Santa Fé and to petition for more Sisters. This time also his request was readily granted, and arrangements were made to start for Santa Fé the following spring. The Bishop, losing no time, embarked at New York, soon reached France, and at once visited Monsignor

Ferron, the old bishop of Clermont, who had ordained him priest and had blessed his vocation to the missions of Cincinnati. From him also he received warm and fair promises to permit young apostles from his diocese to help him in his missions of New Mexico. The young clergy were anxious to see him and to converse with him. The levites in the Seminary were favored with his presence, and their vocation matured more and more in their hearts.

In the meanwhile, the Bishop, having paid a flying visit to his brother Etienne and other immediate relatives, set out for Rome, where he was kindly received by Pius IX and Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda. He received great praise and encouragement, and also direction from the Holy See. He soon afterward left Rome, visiting several renowned cities on his route, and early in the spring of 1854, reached the city of Clermont. A number of young levites presented themselves to him, and to him expressed their willingness to cross the ocean and work under his careful direction. Without regrets they were willing to leave behind them the fair shores of their beloved France to come to the almost desolate part of the field of the father of family. No hope of reward crossed their minds, but the thoughts of the future buoyed up their spirits. If they ever reflected over the privations they were to endure, they cast these thoughts far away, placing such prospects in the hands of God.

Among the saintly men who heard the voice of God in their hearts were the Reverends Taladrid, a priest from Madrid, Spain, whom the Bishop had met in Rome; Martin of the diocese of St. Flour, France, an old missionary in Africa, met also at Rome; Anthony Galiard, from Clermont, who stayed three years and then returned to France, where he soon died; Stephen Abel of Clermont, who subsequently died parish priest of Moro; Peter Eguillon, the actual Vicar-General of Santa Fé and parish priest of the cathedral, also a priest from the diocese of Clermont.

Among the Seminarians were the Reverend Joseph Guérin, who died recently, parish priest of Mora. He was then deacon, and was ordained priest on the 23d of December of the past year, at Santa Fé, by Bishop Lamy; Eugene

Pallet, parish priest of Belen, then a Subdeacon ; and X. Vaure, a cleric in minor orders, who became sick with dysentery on the plains of Kansas, and died on the day of their arrival at Santa Fé.

Forming the caravan were also the Reverend Eulogio Ortiz, a priest from New Mexico, who had accompanied the Bishop to Europe ; Messrs. Jesus M. Ortiz and Florencio Gonzalez, who had been sent previously to France for a course in the Seminary of Clermont; an Irish family named Covington; and Mr. Macarthy, a lawyer, who acted as *major domo* for the Bishop on the journey.

Dr. Lamy and his band of priests and levites arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, towards the end of May, 1854. Without going to Loretto, they reached Cincinnati, thence by boat to St. Louis, and in the summer arrived at Kansas City and Westport, being thence directed to camp at Willow Spring, a romantic spot, with a fine spring of icy water gushing from under a huge boulder surrounded by trees, particularly willows of good size, with an abundance of grass for the animals. There they remained for six weeks waiting for the colony of Sisters who were to come and join them. In this, however, the Bishop was disappointed, as the Sisters were unable to send any of their number to the missions of New Mexico. The Bishop had his hands full buying animals, wagons and provisions, and perfecting all arrangements for a speedy departure.

During their stay at Willow Spring a serious accident happened to Father Equillon, which threatened to destroy his right hand forever, and hinder his holy zeal for the missions. While waiting for the arrival of the Bishop, who was away, the party in camp had more than once been obliged to supply their larder by hunting for game, which was then abundant in Kansas. Father Equillon, with the rest, strove to do his best for the common good. But, alas! one day, after returning from a successful hunt, while putting his gun into the wagon, it slipped through an opening in the bed, exploded, and the unfortunate priest received the entire discharge in his right hand.

Another incident worthy of remark, which happened during their stay at Willow Spring, can throw a ray of

light upon the life of the early missionaries in the wild West. One day they were surprised by the arrival in the camp of a lonely stranger, with beard unshaven, wearing a summer linen coat and carrying a gun upon his shoulder. The stranger was tall and muscular, and there is no denying that they felt ill at ease. He spoke French to them, and they were glad to find an American with whom they could converse. He asked them who they were, whither they were going, why they were camping there instead of being on their journey while the weather was fine. He asked them many more questions, and thus rendered them more uneasy. They told him all. He finally smiled and told them he was acquainted with their Bishop. "Who are you," they said. Smiling still more, he said, "I am Bishop Miège, the Vicar Apostolic of these Territories." Oh! the joy then! the petition for blessings! the kissing of the ring! Bishop Miège at that time was purely a missionary bishop, without any fixed residence, for he did not settle in Leavenworth till the 15th of August, 1855. He was on his way from the Osage Mission to that of the Pottawattomies, and having heard of our party, had left the ambulance with its solitary driver to go to camp, while he made a little turn to see the young levites and cheer them in their dreary solitude. Of course he had no other means to provide for his evening meal than his gun. Thence the surprise of the party at seeing a Bishop in that accoutrement and engaged in such a work.

Hardly had Bishop Lamy arrived at Willow Spring, after completing his preparations, and being sure that the Sisters could not come, than, although late in the afternoon, he resolved to move the camp. An order was given to that effect. All was bustle in the camp. Muleteers gathered their animals and hitched them to the wagons, and after a short delay all together took the broad road towards Santa Fé, their destination. But they had proceeded but a short distance when one of their wagons broke down, and there they were obliged to stop without water to allow the repairing.

The caravan consisted of four wagons and three carriages, and strange to say, as soon as they had left Willow

Springs, Father Equillon, who was very sick, and whose hand had been in such a terrible condition that the physicians had nearly resolved to amputate it, felt at once better. He had refused to stay behind in Kansas City, preferring, should such be the case, to die going forward to his mission, than to die among strangers, far away from all he held dear. So, a mattress was brought, and the future Vicar-General was stretched upon it in a carriage, as a victim for the sacrifice. They left Willow Springs on the 18th of September, 1854.

I will not follow the travelers in that dreary journey over the plains, so often described by writers of those times. They suffered greatly for want of provisions, much of what they had having spoiled, and also from want of water, and later in the season from snow and from cold winds which sweep so sharply upon the bare plains of Kansas and Colorado. They had no especial adventures during the journey. At Fort Union the doctor of the fort, a good Catholic, sent them a wagonful of fresh bread, and the blessings of the whole party were showered upon his head. They were now nearer home; their hearts were elated, and their hopes higher. Finally they entered Santa Fé at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the 15th of November, 1854, having spent two months in crossing the plains. On that evening young Vaure died at ten o'clock, and the next day the young travelers laid their late companion in his grave. It was sad for them to thus lose their companion after the young cleric had reached the scene of his labors. But God was satisfied with his good will, and took him to his reward before those who had already stood the brunt of the day and the heat. The priests were soon placed on missions, and the levites, after completing their theological studies, followed, and have worked most faithfully for years.

CHAPTER X.

NECESSITY FOR MORE SCHOOLS—ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Vicar-General, P. J. Machebeuf, had until now resided in Sante Fé; but at this time it was found necessary to take possession of Albuquerque, and he was sent there. In January, 1854, he was given Rev. J. Guerin, a newly ordained priest, for an assistant. They experienced much difficulty in their office, but thanks to the activity and kindness of Father Machebeuf, he had there a very successful pastorate; performing at the same time the duties of Vicar-General. The greatest trouble for the young Bishop and his faithful Vicar, was the great necessity of schools. The girls were provided for in Santa Fé, but the boys! oh, in what ignorance were they growing! Something must be done to remedy the evil.

Schools had been established in New Mexico by the early missionaries among the descendants of the first Spanish conquerors and the children of the converted Pueblo Indians. It was the holy practice of the Franciscans to establish schools along side of the churches they erected. But, alas! during the Mexican rule, every vestige of school had vanished; churches and school-houses were in a crumbling state, and ignorance reigned in the land. It is sad to relate all this, but it is the truth. This could not last under the rule of the active and zealous Dr. Lamy. Something must be done. He cast his eyes upon the learned and pious Congregation of the Christian Brothers. He received some fair promises from them. He set about to prepare for them, without neglecting a single one of his many episcopal duties.

There was then in existence on the plaza of Santa Fé, the church of the Castrense, as has been mentioned already before. This church, which had been used by the governors and troops of Spain, as well as those of Mexico, had been closed to public worship since 1846. It had been

for a long time the only church opened in Santa Fé, particularly under the Mexican rule. But Father T. J. Ortiz, in 1846, after the annexation to the United States, opened the Church, now Cathedral, of San Francisco, and it became the parish church.

The Bishop obtained from the Holy See permission to sell the *Yglesia Castrense*, and in the year 1859 he conveyed it in a legal form to Don Simon Delgado and his mother, Doña Maria de la Luy Baca de Delgado, for the consideration of one thousand dollars and a parcel of land with building thereon, adjoining the old church of San Miguel. The land had a frontage of three hundred and twenty-eight feet on what afterwards became College street, and six hundred and twenty four feet upon the Camino Real, or Alto street. Having by this transaction secured a spacious house, well adapted by its situation for a college, his next step was to procure the necessary teachers.

In the summer of 1858, the Very Rev. Peter Equillon, who had succeeded as Vicar-General to the Very Rev. P. J. Machebeuf, then in Arizona, was sent to France with orders to treat with the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, the venerable Brother Philip, on the subject. He at first met with very little encouragement, but finally, through the influence of Brother Artème, visitor to the district of Clermont, several brothers were found willing, with their superior's permission, to go on the far-distant mission. The brothers were appointed by Brother Artème, subject to the Superior's approval. He chose the following: Brothers Hilarien, Director of the schools at Billom; Gondulph, Director of that at Ramagnat; Geramius, teacher of the school of the Clermont Cathedral, and Galmier-Joseph, teacher in the Orphanage of that city. They set out in the summer of 1859 with Father Equillon and nine priests and ecclesiastics. Without accident they arrived in New York, where they were given another companion in Brother Optatien, belonging to the Second Street Community. Making haste, they reached Kansas City, then the outpost of civilization. They crossed the plains in caravans, exposed to every kind of danger, and, after untold wants and sufferings, reached Santa Fé on the 27th day of October, 1859.

The first night after their arrival, they were the guests of the good Bishop. The next day they took possession of the house prepared for them, and slept on mattresses laid on the ground, for the house had no floor. Repairs were commenced at once, and in the meanwhile they took their meals at the Bishop's house. On All Soul's Day they entered their new home, "finding," says Brother Hilarien, "the four walls." To furnish the apartment they were presented with five chairs, five mattresses, five blankets, two tables, a few benches and some old carpets. Boarders were received on the 9th of November, 1859.

Brother Hilarien was unwilling to assume the responsibility of debts in establishing a boarding school, as furniture and almost all kinds of provisions were of exorbitant price, owing to the remoteness of Santa Fé from all commercial centers, and also owing to the failure of crops in that year. The Bishop, with his ordinary kindness, assumed all the responsibility, paying the five Brothers eight hundred dollars per annum; furnishing them with board, lodging, washing of linen, etc. In the written contract the Brothers were to have for breakfast, bread, meat and coffee; for dinner, bread, meat vegetables, dessert and occasionally wine. The Brothers, on their side, were to work for the Bishop as if it were on their own account, and this agreement was made for two years.

The day school was opened December 22, 1859. The number of day scholars varied from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty from 1859 to 1869. The boarders for the first year were thirty; thus the number reached, with slight variations, as far as fifty, to 1868.

Brother Hilarien was recalled February 7, 1862, and was succeeded by Brother Gondolph. The house, owing to the good management of Brother Hilarien, was without debts; even a small sum of money was left, with provisions, books, stationery, etc., laid up for future use.

In 1863, Brother Gondolph had an adobe class-room put up, erected porticos around the inner court, repaired the roofs of the houses, and laid a floor in San Miguel Church. Brother Geramius was appointed to succeed him September 10, 1867. Under Brother Geramius the boarding school

of San Miguel took the title of San Miguel College. His administration was a great success. But in June 1, 1869, Brother Geramius was sent to Quito, South America, where he is still working with great zeal. He was succeeded by Brother Domitian to November 1, 1870, when Brother Botulph, the present incumbent, was sent as Superior of the House of Santa Fé and Visitor of New Mexico.

It was under the wise direction of Brother Botulph that the College took rapid strides, and became an establishment of much note in the West. In 1875 it became apparent that, owing to the unsafe condition of the roofs and the great number of scholars, a new building was absolutely needed. So, after consulting with the Superior-General, and obtaining the approval of the Bishop, the untiring Brother went to work, collecting not only in Santa Fé but through the Territory, at some places meeting with success, at others with nothing but rebuffs. Every locality wished the College to be built there, or would not help in the good work. In Santa Fé Brothers Botulph, Baldwin and Morinus canvassed the city and met with quite a success, the amount so collected being the sum of five thousand dollars, the Rt. Rev. Bishop heading the list with five hundred dollars. The clergy and the citizens of Santa Fé were indeed very liberal, without passing by the mite of the poor, which helped to raise the above-mentioned sum.

Early in 1878 a formal application was made to the Superiors; the desired answer came by a cablegram. The contract was awarded Messrs. Monnier & Coullondon. The work of tearing down the houses fronting on College street began on April 1, 1878, and was completed in four days. On the 11th of April the corner-stone was laid with little ceremony, but great rejoicings in the College. The work went on briskly; masons, carpenters and others industriously plied their trades, and the classes and dormitories of the new College were occupied by the scholars in November, 1879. The cost of the building, all told, was nineteen thousand nine hundred and ten dollars.

The College has continued to prosper, and new additions became necessary. The number of boarders for the

year 1883 was ninety-four, and that number was increased in the two following years. In the year 1879 there were twenty-two Pueblo Indians attending school in a separate department of the College. I have examined them myself, and, like many others who had visited them, was astonished at their remarkable proficiency in reading and writing English and Spanish. Their progress in arithmetic was astonishing. I mention this because it is thought and said by many who know not what they say that the Indian is sluggish and slow in learning, whereas the reverse is the case, and this can be proved conclusively by every Catholic school established in pueblos throughout the Territory.

If, instead of insisting on sending these boys and girls to Carlisle and Albuquerque, under the special direction of Presbyterians and Methodists, where they are made to forget their faith, the Government would help the Church to form schools in every pueblo, the race would in a short time possess the requirements of civilization. I will mention one case in point, that of the Pueblo of Tezuque, where Father Equillon, V. G., has kept a teacher at his own expense for two years, against the commands and threats of the pliant tools who abuse their little authority. The children in so short a time could spell and read well the Spanish second and third books.

The venture made at Santa Fé was not supported by the Government, notwithstanding the fairest promises, and all the expenses of board, tuition, washing, etc., etc., for twenty-two children, for one year, fell heavily upon the shoulders of the Most Rev. Archbishop and the College of San Miguel. Promises were made by the late Father Brouillet; the Very Rev. Father Defouri had a memorial sent to Congress for an appropriation. All was useless, Commissioner Price writing *that he could not entertain the idea*, and for years the children were rounded up for the benefit of anti-Catholic institutions, by the very ones who should have protected both their faith and their temporal affairs.

Since their establishment in Santa Fé, the good Brothers have established several schools through the Territory. As early as 1864, Rev. Gabriel Ussel, then Pastor of Taos,

visiting France, was authorized by the Bishop to bring priests and Brothers for the missions of New Mexico. It was desirable to open at once two houses, one in Taos and the other in Mora. He came back with a simple promise from Brother Facile, the assistant, that as soon as circumstances would permit, arrangements would be made for the opening of those schools. Several months afterwards four Brothers were sent for the purpose. They came under the conduct of Brother Gondulph, who had gone East to meet them. After a toilsome journey over the plains, they reached Santa Fé August 14, 1865, and were heartily welcomed by their Brothers in religion as laborers in the same field. Owing to that accession, both schools were opened at once; Brother Domitian being appointed Director of the school of Mora, and Brother Osmund of that of Taos. Many difficulties obliged the Brothers to close this latter school in the year 1867; that of Mora still continued doing good for years, although much cramped owing to the hard times and to the monetary crisis of the few past years, and finally closed in September, 1884.

Later, in 1872, was founded the Brothers' school at Bernalillo, and Brother Galmier-Joseph was appointed its first Director. It has continued to prosper under the directorship of Brother Gabriel, and the fostering care of the good pastor of Bernalillo, Father Stephen Parisi, and promises to have a bright future in a few years. Thus boys were given a splendid chance for learning, of which the youth of many other localities are deprived. It is only just to record here that both the Sisters' and Brothers' establishments in Bernalillo owe a great debt of gratitude to the late Don Leandro Perea and his family.

Saint Michael's College, after many vicissitudes, has continued to grow, the number of boarders has increased to hundreds, and, under the wise supervision of Brother Botulph, now for years at its head, every day has witnessed some improvement.* Thus it has done good for years; thus many who claim Saint Michael as their Alma Mater have been heard in the halls of our Legislature; others are prominent in different callings, and others, though follow-

*A \$15,000 addition is now building.

ing humbler vocations, have honored the Territory by their integrity and staunch virtues.

On the 29th of October, 1884, the Silver Jubilee of the College was celebrated with great pomp. Extensive preparations had been made in order to render the occasion as solemn as possible. The day was clear and cool, and early after the morning devotions the College band discoursed sweet music, and soon after the bell of old San Miguel of three centuries ago was heard tolling the people to mass. The Right Reverend J. B. Salpointe, then Coadjutor of Santa Fé, celebrated a pontifical mass, assisted by the Reverends Rolly and Gatignol, as deacon and subdeacon, Mr. Jennings acting as master of the ceremonies, while on a throne prepared for the occasion, was his Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop, assisted by the Very Reverend Fathers Equillon and Defouri. At the gospel, his Grace left the throne and advancing to the rail of the sanctuary, delivered a feeling exhortation to the numerous congregation present. He recalled with happiness the great good done in the Diocese by the Christian Brothers since their establishment at Saint Michael twenty-five years ago. The heart of the good Father expanded at thus beholding his spiritual children growing up under his eyes and spreading knowledge and virtue around them. He terminated by wishing for the Brothers a continued increase of all spiritual and temporal blessings.

The mass was sung beautifully by the College orchestra, made up of the pupils, under the direction of the Brothers.

In the evening, after the dinner, which was had at four o'clock (being the very hour at which the Brothers took their first modest meal in Santa Fé twenty-five years before), a grand display of fire-works took place around the College under the direction of Brother Amian. The College band played some stirring selections, the whole College was illuminated to the very roof, while rocket after rocket was sent skyward only to explode in mid air and fall around like many beautiful stars, to the great delight and repeated applause of the thousands who assembled there to witness the display. All went well; the whole affair was a great success, and no one forgot the good Brothers in the heartfelt praise they gave.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSIONS IN ARIZONA.

There was no rest for the yet young Bishop of Santa Fé. In the year 1859 the missions of Arizona were annexed by the Holy See to the diocese of Santa Fé. Immediately his Vicar-General, the Rev. J. P. Machebeuf, was sent to take possession of them, calling at the same time the Rev. Peter Equillon from Socorro to the Cathedral, with the title of Vicar-General, and as such sent him to France to bring priests and Brothers. Before entering into a description of the hardships experienced by the Vicar-General in taking possession of the mission, as well as of his journey to Sonora, it is just to premise a few words upon those then humble missions, but destined to play a great part in religious and civil history.

What I call Arizona missions are those contained within the Territory of that name, which, before the treaty of Guadalupe, in 1848, formed a part of the province of Sonora in Mexico. The history of these missions, as of those of New Mexico, is naturally divided into three different epochs, according to the different civil governments which have succeeded one another—the Spanish, the Mexican and the American, and I shall divide these notes accordingly.

SPANISH OR COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.

AUGUST 13, 1521.

It was under this government that were founded the missions in New Mexico and Arizona, but at different epochs; for, whereas, while what is now northern Texas and New Mexico received the light of faith as early as the expedition of Coronado, but more strongly in 1550, eight years later, Arizona does not seem to have been taken possession of by the missionaries until 1682. The difference

between these two dates is explained by the progressive march of the government after the conquest of Mexico. The march of the victorious armies took place first on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre, as it was by far the more settled, from south to north, and it was over a century later when it reached the western slope, to the banks of the Gila river. The missionary, an angel of peace, followed the conquering armies, "carrying," as well says Archbishop Salpointe, "the consolations of the cross to those who had been conquered by the sword."

The first missionaries of the gospel, on the eastward slope of the mountains, were religious of the Order of Saint Francis, and those of the western, priests of the Company of Jesus. Both by dint of undaunted zeal and at the price of the greatest sacrifices, including the lives of many of them, they succeeded in establishing missions in the countries into which they had penetrated. These missions, in the course of years, passed through terrible ordeals and acute sufferings, on account of the frequent revolts of the natives, who repeatedly expelled, here and there, the missionaries for longer or shorter periods. The Arizona missions in particular had to stand without ceasing, from 1751 to 1754, the attacks of two cruel and warlike tribes united in the bloody work, the Pimas and the Seris, who caused them great damages. In 1754 order was somewhat restored, and the missionaries commenced anew their labor of love and salvation. Some of the destroyed missions arose phoenix-like from their ruins, and others were founded, but only by continually meeting and successfully combating numberless difficulties down to the day when the cry of independence was heard over the mesas of Mexico, announcing the overthrow of Spanish rule and the succession of the Mexican Government.

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT.

FEBRUARY 24, 1824.

The fall of the Spanish rule caused the expulsion of the religious orders which this government had introduced into

its newly conquered realms. At that time the missions were confided to the secular clergy established in Mexico. The Bishops, no doubt, did their best to encourage zealous priests to take the places left vacant by the missionaries, but it was much more than they could do. The priests responded but feebly, and many missions, particularly the most remote, were forcibly deprived of their spiritual directors, or compelled to see them at rare intervals and only on short visits. It followed that in a few years many of these missions disappeared entirely, the whole population went back to the free life of the wilderness, and the church buildings crumbled down rapidly. Out of the seven flourishing missions in Arizona, six have completely disappeared, and possess now only an historical interest to the archeologist, testifying by their ruins to the sublime labors of ancient missionaries. Things were at that point when the Treaty of Guadalupe, quoted above, placed the country into the hands of the United States Government.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

AUGUST 18, 1846.

At this time Arizona was inhabited solely by Indians and a few Mexican families, who had settled here and there upon the lands of the old missions. However, the discovery of gold in California brought many people from Mexico, who in their emigration had to cross Arizona, many of whom, later, when tired of mining or despairing of rich finds, came back to settle there.

When, in 1859, Vicar-General Machebeuf came to take formal possession, in the name of the Bishop of Santa Fé, of the Arizona missions, recently annexed to the diocese of Santa Fé, this missionary, full of zeal, braved a thousand perils. Nothing daunted, he fearlessly went without delay to the missions confided to him by his Bishop. The only place of any importance was Tucson, which numbered about four hundred inhabitants, and that city was chosen by the missionary for his place of residence. He did not stay there long, for in November of the same year he went back to Santa Fé.

Although comparatively short, the stay of Vicar-General Machebeuf at Tucson produced great fruits for the good of souls. His memory now is fresh in the minds of the inhabitants; they tell even now how the good missionary used to preach on all occasions, and of the many confessions which followed those instructions night after night, sometimes at an advanced hour. I imagine I see the zealous priest, in all the strength of his manhood, with that activity which he received as a gift from Heaven, and which we have all admired in him! How little all these instructions and confessions cost him, day and night, in a field of labor entirely new, in the midst of a people so desirous of hear the word of God, and of strengthening their souls in the sacraments, of which many of them had been hitherto deprived.

But, alas! the roses without thorns are few. One day, in the course of his instructions, he had occasion to speak against the crime of homicide, and he did it with his usual force of language, intending to make an impression. He spoke, however, in a general manner. By a singular disgrace, the night before, a murder had been committed in the town, but the speaker knew it not, and the murderer was in the number of his hearers. Imagining the sermon directed to himself alone, and on the other hand thinking he had killed a man in self-defense, he resolved to take revenge upon the preacher for his words. But immediately after the ceremonies, the missionary started for San Xavier del Bac, nine miles south of Tucson. On his return, the angered man met him in a wood, having gone there on purpose to meet him. After a few commonplace words, the guilty murderer came to the subject uppermost in his heart, to the utter surprise of the good Father, who knew nothing yet of the murder, nor of the offense he had given. Explanations became useless; the excited man would hear nothing, and the good missionary, perceiving that with his hand trembling with anger he was attempting to draw his revolver from his belt, he came to the conclusion to see whether his faithful beast would be able to run a race. The idea was a good one. His assailant was in a carriage, he on horseback. He lost no time, and was at a distance

before the man had time to turn his carriage to pursue him. He started to pursue him, but it is not known how far he went, as the fleeing missionary did not look back, but used the spurs and used them so well that the heels of his boots came off, and in his rapid course the wind blew off his hat. It thus happened that the words of the poet were realized: "*Pileum et talos calceaminis in fuga perdidit*"—"He lost his hat and the heels of his shoes in his flight."

From that day forth, while he remained in Tucson, the missionary, without knowing or even suspecting it, was guarded day and night by a number of Mexicans, who were afraid of some bodily injury being inflicted upon him by those who pretended to be affronted by his instructions.

It was at this time that, owing to numberless difficulties, the Vicar General left Arizona for Sonora, to settle all difficulties with the Bishop of that place, who had, until then, jurisdiction over the missions of Arizona, as the Bishop of Durango had had over those of New Mexico. I know that the active missionary passed through a thousand difficulties, both in going and in returning, and that he straightened out all difficulties with the Bishop of Sonora. I have had the happiness of receiving the details of that journey from the lips of the traveler himself, and many facts are thus brought to light, showing full well the excellence of the Bishop of Sants Fé and the fitness of Father Machebeuf to be his Vicar-General. It will be the subject of the next chapter.

There was then no church in Tucson, that of the old mission having long since fallen into ruins; but the good missionary knew how to improvise a church, at least for the present. A good Mexican Catholic offered for that purpose a lot on which there was a house with two rooms, each of about twelve by fifteen feet. It was a beginning, and one day after mass he invited the congregation to go with him to a neighboring wood, the men to cut and the women to carry the material for the construction of a *jacal* or Indian hut. The same day saw the completion of the new addition. The *jacal* with the two rooms gave a space of about thirty-five feet by fifteen. It was a modest edifice it must be acknowledged, and yet it had the honor of being

the only church in Tucson till the year 1866. It must be said that at these times the houses of the people were of very simple construction, and they did not think much of adorning the house of God in any better manner.

The San Xavier Indian mission was the object of the particular care of the Vicar General during his stay in Tucson. He visited it a number of times, and caused the exterior of the grand church to be repaired in the places which had suffered most injury by winds and rains. He was on the point of starting for a complete journey through all the missions in the different pueblos upon the Gila, when he was recalled to Santa Fé by his Bishop.

At his return the Vicar General gave a good account of the disposition of the Catholics of Tucson to Bishop Lamy, and it was determined not to leave these missions without priests. Father Manuel Chavez was sent there, but stayed only about four or five months. Father Donato, an Italian Franciscan friar, succeeded him, and laid the foundation of the present cathedral of Tucson. The Jesuit fathers, Luis Bosco and Carlos Mesea, succeeded him on the 5th of April, 1863. In March, 1864, Bishop Lamy, always indefatigable, went to Tucson on a pastoral visit, and celebrated the offices of Holy Week and of Easter within the walls of the new church adorned with evergreens and with an impromptu roof only over the sanctuary. From the Book of Baptisms of the Tucson cathedral the Right Reverend J. B. Salpointe copies the following document which I insert here :

“Hoy, dia de la festividad de la Pascua y 27 de Marzo del año de 1864, hamos visitado esta parroquia de San Agostin del Tucson, siendo encargado de la administracion el Padre Dn Luis Bosco, S. J. Dimos la Confirmacion y habiendo visto y ecsaminado este libro de partidas lo hemos hallado en buen orden. Sigue la firma,

“J. B. LAMY, Obpo de Santa Fé.” *

* To-day, festival of Easter, the 27th of March of the year 1864, we have visited the Parish of Saint Augustine of Tucson, the Rev. Don Luis Bosco, S. J., having the charge of its administration. We have given Confirmation, and having seen and examined this book of accounts, we find it in good order. Attested,

J. B. LAMY, Bishop of Santa Fé.

After this visit the Bishop went to the mission of San Xavier del Bac, and judging a priest needed there, appointed Father Carlos Mesea to that post, and left Father Luis Bosco sole administrator of the parish of San Agostin, Tucson. Probably on account of the bad health of Father Bosco, both Jesuit fathers left their missions on the 8th of August, 1864. Both worked faithfully in their respective missions without having accomplished a great deal. Intending to dedicate a chapter to this great pastoral visit of the Bishop of Santa Fe, amid hostile Indians and in want of everything, I will say nothing of it here, and continue my narrative.

The departure of the Jesuit fathers from Tucson caused the good Bishop much trouble of mind upon the future of the Arizona missions. These missions being dangerous on account of the savage Indians, the Apaches, who infested the country everywhere, the good prelate did not wish to impose them upon any one. He manifested his desire to see some zealous priest accept them, and three presented themselves. Two were accepted, Fathers Lassaigue and Bernal. These two missionaries started for their missions in the spring of 1865, but after reaching Los Cruces they could find no means of travel for that hundred miles of desert which separated them from Arizona. They could find no one willing to risk his life in bringing them through the camps of the Indians, who at that time massacred all white men found defenseless. After three weeks of fruitless and patient waiting, they returned to New Mexico.

Dangers awaited still. The good Bishop of Santa Fé was alarmed for that portion of his flock left thus so long without shepherds. He made a new appeal to the good will of his clergy; three presented themselves, were accepted, and left Santa Fé on January 7, 1866, for their distant missions. This time measures were agreed upon with General Carlton, post commander at Santa Fé, who had them conveyed as far as Camp Bowie, the limit of his department. At Camp Bowie Major McFarland, post commander, offered the missionaries his services, and under his escort they reached Tucson safely on the 7th of February, one month after their leaving Santa Fé. There were

no reception ceremonies; they quietly entered the city, to the intense joy of the population, who did not know the precise day of their arrival.

Don Juan Elias, a good, kind-hearted inhabitant of Tucson, received them into his house till one should be prepared for them, which was done a few weeks after. The three heroes, who had thus left New Mexico for the wilds of Arizona, were the now Most Rev. J. B. Salpointe, D.D., and Fathers Boucart and Birmingham. According to the directions given by Bishop Lamy, Father Salpointe was given the mission of Tucson with the title of Vicar; Father Boucard went to San Xavier, and Father Birmingham to Yuma.

When Father Salpointe reached Tucson, he found there about six hundred inhabitants. The only church which could be used was the one improvised by Vicar-General Machebeuf, two rooms and a *jacal* close together. The church commenced by Father Donato had the walls up, nothing more; the temporary roof on the sanctuary, put up for the Bishop's visit, had long ago disappeared. He resolved at once to have it covered and rendered fit for service. He met much good will among the inhabitants. Collections were taken up, which only sufficed for the repair of the walls injured by the weather. Everything was excessively dear, and the contributions became smaller. Father Salpointe begged the inhabitants to fetch timbers from the Santa Rita Mountains, at a distance of forty-six miles. The zealous shepherd went with three cars and five men, but the expedition did not succeed, owing to the snow which covered the mountain; the high and necessary pines could not be reached, and the cars returned almost empty. This happened on the last days of 1866. It was proposed to go on another expedition in the spring, but the ill success of the first caused it to be put off from day to day, till it was completely abandoned. The discouraged Father covered the sanctuary of his church with canvas, and commenced to have the offices there, leaving it to Providence to find the means of putting a roof on the edifice.

In 1867 a house was built with the intention of obtaining Sisters to teach the girls of Tucson. The building of

the walls was accomplished without difficulty, but a roof was necessary, and it is here that the dispositions of Divine Providence became clear. The school became the help of the church from the very commencement. The people, anxious to have Sisters in their midst as soon as possible, collected some money, which they gave to the priest to have wood cut and hauled for the roofs of both the schoolhouse and the church. Father Salpointe hastened to send a number of men into the mountains of Huachuca, sixty-five miles from Tucson. The timbers were cut and hewed, but the same difficulty presented itself; no cars could be found to haul them, and the Apaches were lying in wait to burn them, should the wood-cutters abandon their post. Three hundred dollars was spent in hauling these timbers to Camp Wallow, and two merchants from Tucson offered to haul them when their cars should go in that direction. The lumber reached Tucson in the fall of 1868, and work was soon commenced upon both church and school.

When the young and zealous missionaries had reached Arizona, they at once tried to follow the directions of the Ordinary, and open schools for children of both sexes. Education has always been the great desire of Bishop Lamy, everywhere, and he did not fail here. San Xavier had a population of about four hundred souls, divided almost equally between Mexicans and Indians. There a school was opened and confided to a layman, under the direction of the pastor; but for want of means two months afterwards it was closed. The same reason obliged the priest at San Xavier to retire to Tucson, to live more economically with Father Salpointe. The schoolmaster followed, and opened his school at Tucson. In 1866 a church had also been erected at Yuma, at the junction of the Gila and the great Colorado rivers. But the fever attacked the priests, and Fathers Boucard and Birmingham left Arizona, and in 1867 Bishop Lamy sent Father Jouvenceau to help the only priest left in Arizona, Vicar Salpointe. Father Jouvenceaux was at once stationed at Yuma.

Under the wise direction of Father Salpointe, the missions increased rapidly in number, and became so import-

ant that Bishop Lamy conferred with the Propaganda on the subject, and Arizona was erected into a Vicariate Apostolic in September, 1868, but the Bishop elect, the Rt. Rev. J. B. Salpointe, received official communication of the fact only in February, 1869. He immediately started for France, and was consecrated at Clermont-Ferraud on June 20th of the same year.

It would be foreign to my subject, were I to write the history of the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona from 1869 to 1884. Its interesting history of the past was necessary as long as it was a part of the vast diocese of Santa Fe. Suffice to say that it is in a most prosperous condition, and its worthy shepherd, the Rt. Rev. J. B. Salpointe, could look with pride upon his clergy, his churches, his missions and his schools, when in May, 1884, he received his bulls, transferring him from Arizona to Santa Fe, as coadjutor with the right of succession to the Most Rev. Archbishop Lamy, an appointment according to the heart of the venerable prelate of Santa Fé, and one that caused the clergy to welcome him with the utmost sincerity and happiness. May he live many years, sowing the seed of Catholic Faith and reaping bountiful harvests in New Mexico, as he has done in Arizona.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VERY REV. P. J. MACHEBEUF GOES TO SONORA.

Dr. Lamy, having sent his Vicar-General, Father Machebeuf, to Arizona to take care of the missions in that territory, newly ceded by Mexico to the United States, the latter left Albuquerque, where he had resided till the summer of 1858. But having arrived there, he could not take possession of the missions without having an interview with the Ordinary. The States of Sonora and Sinaloa, along with Arizona, had formed the diocese of Sinaloa; that episcopal see being then occupied by the saintly Dr. Losa, and Father Machebeuf had to communicate to him the decree of the Propaganda annexing Arizona to the diocese of Santa Fé. He left Tucson on the 20th of December, 1858, and arrived in Sonora on the 24th. There he was received with open arms. On Christmas day he celebrated mass in three different places. The midnight mass was chanted at San Ignacio, the second was celebrated at Ymuris, and the third at Magdalena, in a private chapel. He performed in those places all the duties of parish priest, by request of the pastor, Father Piniera, who, knowing the arrival of the Vicar-General, had made all the arrangements before leaving for some far off missions at the head of the Santa Cruz Valley.

At Magdalena Father Machebeuf found a number of travelers and tourists who wished to go further southwest, but were deterred by the news spreading on all sides of an uprising of Indians. Seeing the ever active and fearless Vicar determined to proceed on his journey, they resolved to join him and form a caravan. Thus they started, ten in number, with carriages, wagons and horses, and on the 31st of December they reached the town of San Miguel. On the next day, January 1, 1859, a great festival was to take place there. All things were prepared, the church was

adorned and the altars covered with the choicest of flowers. But the priest who was to officiate did not come; so Father Machebeuf was invited to conduct the services. The good people were delighted. The first vespers were chanted in the most solemn manner, and the next day all went in the grandest style. The *major domo* thanked him in the name of the people, and several gentlemen on horseback accompanied him the greater part of his way.

The next day our travelers reached an *hacienda* nine miles south of San Miguel, and slept there. The owner of the *hacienda* made the request that the Señor Vicario, as he was called, should on his return celebrate their annual festival on the 2d of February. The Vicario readily granted the request, and started on his journey. It must be remembered that now he was accompanied on his travels by a young man of good family named Pablo Analla, and by the driver, for at San Miguel all the other tourists had dispersed in various directions, the country west of that place being comparatively free from marauding Indians.

Thence the Vicario went to the magnificent *hacienda* of La Labor, the residence of Governor Gandara. This gentleman, having no chaplain, invited Father Machebeuf to celebrate mass in his old but beautiful chapel, and after a day's rest he started for Hermosillo, where he arrived on the 5th of January. There he met the Messrs. Camon, French merchants. They numbered seven brothers, who had all acquired considerable wealth in trade and in carrying on one of the most extensive establishments in that country. The best church at Hermosillo was a private chapel belonging to an old lady, Doña Trinidad, but a new parish church was building in the most magnificent style. The Vicario stayed there for the day of Epiphany, the guest of his countrymen. The resident priest was a young man, humble and pious, lately ordained by Bishop Losa, yet having the title and performing the functions of Vicar Forane.

Father Machebeuf was glad to meet there a French priest, Father Devereux, who resided at Ures, then the capital of Sonora, but was acting while there as assistant priest of the parish. This kind priest accompanied the travelers as

far as La Cueva, another fine hacienda five miles from Hermosillo, belonging to Padre Lacara, then Secretary of the Bishop. Going out after supper, they were surprised to find all the population on the plaza, and to behold an immense pavilion where every preparation was made for the famous play of "Los Pastores," "The Shepherds," being acted every day during the week of Epiphany. It is a very beautiful play, taking in all the scenes of the shepherds and the Magi, at the stable of Bethlehem, to adore the new born Savior. It was acted with great decorum and in a spirit of faith and devotion.

The next day the Vicario, bidding farewell to the French priest and promising to visit him at Ures, set out for Guaymas, a distance of one hundred miles to the southwest. The road was on an immense plateau, without water except in two small valleys, where there are two ranches or stock farms. But the most important was distant about five miles from Guaymas, in a beautiful valley called La Noche Buena. Pressing onward he reached the city, and was most kindly received by General Stone, who held the rank of Brigadier-General under General Sumner. He was then chief surveyor for a large company, and was at the same time under a contract with the Mexican government to explore the coast of Sonora as far up as the Gulf of California. He had with him a company of engineers, carpenters and others, also some soldiers for protection. General Stone received Father Machebeuf with the utmost kindness, having been received in the fold of the church while residing in California, several years before, and having since remained a fervent Catholic.

Just then an American steamer was expected from Mazatlan. The Señor Vicario thought this a fortunate circumstance for him to sail on the vessel, and afterwards to cross the mountains to the city of Durango, to show to the old Bishop Sobiria the decree of the Propaganda annexing to the diocese of Santa Fé all the missions of Arizona. But the expected vessel came not. In this emergency, General Stone generously offered a sailing vessel, the property of the company, for the use of the Vicario. He fitted it out at his own expense, with an officer and four men and pro-

visions for four months, and appointed Father Machebeuf *captain* of the vessel. They sailed as far as the mouth of the Rio Santa Cruz. There they left the vessel, and a son-in-law of Don José Maria Almada, who by permission of the captain was on board the vessel, being well acquainted with the people, engaged saddle mules.

That night they reached the house of another son-in-law of Don José Maria Almada, where they received the greatest kindnesses, and the next day arrived at the mansion of the venerable patriarch, who was surrounded by fourteen of his married children, all living within a short distance of one another, and forming a most picturesque village.

The residence of Don José Maria Almada is an immense hacienda, worked by four hundred men. He owns the richest mines of the country. The house has a magnificent front about four hundred feet long, run in all its length with a portico supported by marble columns and sculptured capitals. The furniture, carpets and curtains are exceedingly rich. The house has no China ware—all silver. The gardens are simply immense, and produce every kind of flowers and fruit. The country for miles belongs to the family, all his children being married in the neighborhood. It would be impossible to relate all the kindness done by Don José Maria Almada and his worthy family to the Señor Vicario.

The day after their arrival there, Dr. Losa, Bishop of Sinaloa and Sonora, arrived at a place called La Villa de los Alamos, some three miles in the north, in order to administer Confirmation. Father Machebeuf hastened to go, and, after presenting to him his respects, to settle the business that brought him to Sonora. The Bishop, who was lodged at the house of a gentleman named Don Mateo Ortiz, received him with the utmost cordiality, and promised at once to write a document delivering into his hands all the missions of Arizona, which had hitherto belonged to Sonora, and in the meanwhile granted him all the facilities necessary to practice his ministry within the limits of the vast diocese of Sonora.

The next day being a Sunday, all the population of the neighborhood came to hear the Bishop, who delivered an

eloquent sermon and administered the sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of persons. After a few days, all the documents necessary for the cession of the Arizona missions to the diocese of Santa Fé were placed by Bishop Losa in the hands of Father Machebeuf.

As there was nothing now to detain him, the Vicario resolved at first to continue his journey by the means of the boat waiting for him at the mouth of the Santa Cruz, in order to reach Mazatlan, but Dr. Losa dissuaded him from it, as Mazatlan was then in a state of siege, the liberal and the conservative parties being at war with each other. On the other hand, navigation by sail being very slow up the Gulf of California, owing to the strong current caused by the influx of the great Colorado river, it was resolved that he should leave the boat, give up his commission as captain, and go by land, crossing the magnificent valleys of the Rio Mayo and Yaqui, occupied almost entirely by Catholic Indians. However, the prefect and the commander of the fort there tried to dissuade him from that step, saying that it was a very dangerous journey and it would be better to return by boat to Guaymas.

The Vicario believed this, and determined to return, and with this determination he went to say farewell to good Bishop Losa and communicate to him what he had been told by the prefect. The prelate smiled, and told him to fear nothing, that there was no danger whatever in passing through the Indian country; that, on the contrary, he would be well treated, and that he would learn on the journey why the prefect had endeavored to dissuade him. He therefore bought from the family Almada's horses and mules at a moderate price, and Don Mateo Ortiz furnished him with a guide and also with all kinds of the best provisions for the road. The officer who had been with him from Guaymas insisted upon accompanying him some distance. Forming thus a caravan, they bade adieu to their kind hosts, and started on their journey.

When at some distance from the Rio Mayo, the guide started ahead, to announce the arrival of the Vicario of Santa Fé. At once all was stirring in the village, and twenty Indians on horseback came to meet the travelers

five miles from the place. The chief, and after him all the Indians, leaped from their horses and begged the blessing of the venerable Vicar, after which each one kissed his hand, and, re-mounting, escorted him to the village. There the whole population were assembled, and all fell on their knees and received the Father's blessing. The old chief, or governor, invited him into his house, and the greatest joy reigned in the pueblo.

The next day mass was solemnly chanted, and the Vicar addressed words full of fire and love to the fervent congregation, telling them he had been commissioned by their Bishop to announce to them the coming of the latter among them in a short while. At these words their joy knew no bounds, and after mass all flocked around him to thank him. He was astonished and deeply edified by the fervor of these Indians.

In a village half Indian and half Mexican, it was learned why the prefect of Sonora did not wish the Very Rev. Vicar to pass through those populations. During the preceding war between the liberals and the conservatives, the liberal party, to which the prefect belonged, had sacked these villages, profaned several churches, burnt their altars and confessionals, and converted the churches into stables for their horses. At the sight of these desecrations the Indians revolted, drove the intruders away, attacked the haciendas and villas of gentlemen of the neighborhood who belonged to the liberal party, sacked and burned them, and several soldiers were slain.

Traveling on, our party, consisting yet of the officer and guide, accompanying the Vicario and his men, reached, on a Saturday evening, the banks of the Yaqui river, and soon afterwards arrived at the village of Torin. The governor came to meet them with his Indians, and the reception was of the kindest nature. Mass was said on Sunday morning, and the governor insisted on waiting on the padre at his meals, which consisted chiefly of milk and dried fish.

The journey through these populations took two weeks, after which the carriage, which had been left in Guaymas under the charge of the driver, met the Vicario, and the officer and the guide departed for their homes.

Presently he reached Hermosillo, and said mass in the

beautiful chapel of Doña Trinidad, where he found all things necessary for mass, and all the members of the family approached the sacraments.

Remembering his promise to Father Devereux to visit him at his home, the Vicario started for Ures district, about forty miles to the north. The kind priest had left Ures, and the parish priest, a very young man, begged of him to enroll the greater portion of his congregation in the Sodality of the Scapular, for, strange to say, although everybody was wearing the scapular, none had ever been enrolled by a priest having powers to do so. The young priest gave the greatest example of humility and devotion, by being the first to be enrolled at the sanctuary rail, in the presence of hundreds of his people.

Leaving Ures, the travelers took the road to San Miguel. On their way they stopped at the hacienda of Governor Gandora, who had been for eighteen years Governor of Sonora, but was exiled by the liberals and lived in great retirement. Father Machebeuf had letters and mementoes for him from two of his sons residing in Tubac, Arizona. The aged parents shed tears of joy on reading those letters, and asked the Father numberless questions about their sons. The chapel of the hacienda was magnificent. When the Vicario passed there the first time the family were absent from home. The next day being Sunday, mass was said at the parish church.

Journeying on, the Vicario soon reached the hacienda of the gentleman with whom he had promised to celebrate the feast of the Purification, and that gentleman was awaiting him seated under the porch of his fine residence. But, having noticed signs of drunkenness on persons of passage there, he, notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties, refused to enter, and continued his journey to San Miguel.

After the departure of the Vicario, the distressed gentleman sent his son after him, saying that he had guessed the reason why the Vicario would not enter, but that it was no fault of theirs, and the obnoxious persons would be sent away from the hacienda immediately. Upon these assurances; and moved moreover by the tears of the young man, he promised to return on horseback the next morning, for, being at the very gates of San Miguel, he would

stay and rest there for the night. He accordingly returned the next morning, and performed the services to the great joy of the inhabitants, who received the sacraments in large numbers.

In a few days Father Machebeuf reached Fort Buchanan, where he rested a while after his tiresome journey, and soon after reached Tucson, where he stayed some time, as detailed in the preceding chapter. Soon, however, he felt the necessity of starting for Santa Fé, to deliver to Bishop Lamy the documents given him by Bishop Losa concerning the annexation of the Arizona missions to the diocese of Santa Fé. Besides, traveling in swampy places, without proper care or necessary cover, he had contracted a malarial fever, and nothing could cure it but the genial climate of Santa Fé.

Behold now the fearless traveler, seated in his carriages with no other escort than the driver and a Mexican boy, about to cross a country infested with warring Apaches. The party camped on the first evening upon the banks of a river called El Agua Escarvada, where only a few days previous several soldiers had been killed by Apaches. Crossing the river, they began the ascension of the high mountain of Chericasca, through what is called Apache Cañon, one of the most dangerous spots in the whole southwest.* Rain was falling in torrents, the mountain road was steep and difficult, and Father Machebeuf, always active and venturesome, took his saddle horse and galloped in advance of the party. At the summit of the mountain, by large and never-failing springs of cool and clear water, the station for the change of horses had been built by the stage company.†

When nearing the house he found it surrounded and besieged by Indians. Fearlessly he approached; the chief came to him.

“Tu capitan?” said he.

“No capitan,” answered the Father, showing his crucifix,

*Fort Bowie has been built there since.

†This station was called *La Estacion de la Sierra de los Burros*. Americans called it the Soldier's Farewell.

"Tu padre?"

"Si, yo padre."

"Bueno. Como le va?" And he shook hands with the priest, after which he called his savages, who all did the same thing.

The chief then asked if he had seen soldiers on the road. Certainly he had seen them, and even now a troop were ascending the mountain. The savages hurriedly consulted among themselves, and then saying, "Adios, padre," they galloped away and were seen no more.

The besieged inhabitants of the station opened the doors, and, coming out, looked upon the Vicar as their savior. There were only three Americans there as station keepers. They invited the Vicar into the house, and gave him the best they had for the journey, and insisted on his passing the night there, as it was late and the rain was pouring.

After breakfast he started for Las Cruces. He soon reached Doña Ana, crossed the Jornada del Muerto, and passing through the different missions of the lower Rio, he arrived at Santa Fé in good spirits, the fever having left him on the way. He was received with open arms by the dear, kind Bishop Lamy, who congratulated him heartily upon his successful undertaking.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISSIONS OF COLORADO—JOURNEY OF BISHOP LAMY TO DENVER.

Colorado was contained within the *Vicariate East of the Rocky Mountains*, a limitless expanse of territory wisely ruled over by the Right Reverend J. B. Miège, S. J., who was appointed by the Holy See in the Fall of 1850, and consecrated in St. Louis March 25, 1851. In the Summer of 1860, Bishop Miège made a long and tedious journey to the gold diggings of Pike's Peak and the newly laid out town of Denver. On account of the immense distance from Leavenworth, the difficulties of travel over the plains, the vast deserts that separated Bishop Miège from the new populations, the scarcity of priests in his own Vicariate, Colorado was annexed to the Diocese of Santa Fé by order of the Holy See, so that the Vicariate became a part of what now forms the Province of Santa Fé.

Already Vicar-General Machebeuf had made a journey to Colorado, immediately after his return from Arizona, and as soon as Colorado was annexed to Santa Fé he was sent to open missions in that Territory. A man burning with zeal, possessed of an undaunted courage, and of a steady nerve and tireless activity, with a strong frame of body, he at once started, obedient in all things to the voice of his superior, and taking with him only one companion, in the person of his worthy Vicar-General, Father J. B. Baverdy, he set out for his far-distant charge, the future scene of his hard labors, his mortifications and patience, and finally of his amazing success and triumph.

In a very short time Colorado saw numberless mining camps arising suddenly within her Territory; Denver also grew in population. The indefatigable Vicar-General was everywhere, preaching, hearing confessions, saying mass, and administering the Sacraments. Thus passed the years 1861 and 1862. In the Summer of 1863, Bishop Lamy received a letter from his Vicar-General, which brought a great fear into the heart of the good prelate. The date of the letter was old, the postal service in the West being

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slow. It related a terrible accident of a fall on precipitous rocks from a carriage drawn by fiery steeds. The letter was very inexplicit, and left the good Bishop in mortal fear that Father Machebeuf was no more. The letter, too, was from a strange hand. The good Bishop could not remain idle; he set out from Santa Fé at once to bring help to his missionary, in the hope he could yet find him alive. The prelate went directly to Mora, to invite the Pastor there, now the Most Rev. J. B. Salpointe, to accompany him in his journey to Denver. To-day the journey can be made with ease, in a Pullman car, and in a very short time, but in those times all journeys were made in a being primitive manner, were very slow, and attended with many dangers. No time was to be lost. The next day after his arrival, with his traveling companion, the Bishop set out from Mora, forgetting that the country he was to travel through was almost uninhabited, and without taking provisions, which were most necessary for such a long journey. From the evening of the first day it was easy to see that their supper had not the proportions of what Americans call a *square meal*. In the morning the breakfast was still lighter; in fact, so light that it would have required a deep philosopher to determine the parts appropriated by each one of the guests. In the afternoon of that day the Bishop and his companion, with a servant not mentioned above, reached the distance of four or five miles from the village of Rayado. There the travelers halted, and it was voted by acclamation that the servant should go to the nearest houses and procure the necessary provisions, the Bishop being unwilling to derogate from the established custom of travelers in those countries where the hostleries were few and far between—that is, camping out, cooking your own victuals, and sleeping under the wagon. The servant said a word for Don Jesus Abreu, and it required no more. Soon after the little camp was furnished with all the provisions necessary to bring the travelers as far as the Rio de las Animas, to-day the city of Trinidad.

The Animas River was reached on Saturday evening, and the next morning the travelers, having called together the few inhabitants who had commenced to settle there, cel-

celebrated mass, took breakfast, and started at eleven o'clock on their distant journey. On the same day, at ten o'clock at night, they reached a place called Las Timpas. There was some water, and it was the only place where it could be found before reaching the Huerfano River. "The water was there," says Archbishop Salpointe, in one of his finest descriptive moods, "but it was to be found at the very bottom of a deep ravine and in the cavities of the rocks which form its bed, a thing not only difficult but dangerous in the darkness of the night. I undertook to follow the ravine, but without descending into it, being satisfied to sound its depth and its contents by throwing down rocks now and then. After a while the splashing below told me that the rock had fallen into a pool of water, but where to find a path and descend to it without exposing one's self to a fall of twelve or fifteen feet? The Bishop was the first who had the courage to run down the precipitous bank of the ravine, and who, little by little, helping himself with his hands and feet, reached the coveted spot. But vain hope! The water was in small quantity and so corrugated that it was impossible to drink it. However, we were on the way, and, following the ravine higher, we found a spot where the water was of easy access, abundant, and fit to drink."

The next day the travelers reached the Huerfano River, and stopped at the rancho of Mr. Doyle. There the Bishop and his companion learned with unspeakable joy that the life of Vicar-General Machebeuf was out of danger, although it was almost certain, according to the opinion of the physicians, that he would remain a cripple for the balance of his days. Alas! that opinion was but too true, and the missionary who has since become Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado has remained lame for life. But his natural activity and his great mental energy make one forget that he is crippled, and to a certain extent hide an infirmity which in other men would appear much more unsightly. From that time Bishop Lamy, reassured upon the actual state of his Vicar-General, took more leisure in his rapid march. Leaving Doyle's rancho, it was agreed that the travelers on

that day would go no further than Pueblo, about twenty-five miles.

"We had promised ourselves," continues Archbishop Salpointe, "to take a good view of that city, so recent and already so much talked of. We had a map of the city, a second New York, with splendid streets and blocks, banks and public buildings, parks and public gardens, all with high-sounding names. Eager to see the wonderful city, we hasten our march. What deception! What do we see? A few miserable huts of frame. On one of them was written, in large letters, with charcoal, upon a board, the word *Saloon*. By whom were these huts inhabited? We knew not. So we left the city behind us and went about two miles further and for the night camped in a cool place on the low and grassy banks of the Fontaine-qui-bouille, a limpid little river which rises north of Pike's Peak, forms the Ute Falls, just above Manitou, and rushes madly over its pebbly bed until it loses itself in the Arkansas River east of Pueblo. The place was indeed very beautiful, and far better than the city we had just left."

The journey was continued the next day, but no habitation was to be found before reaching Cherry Creek, close to Denver. All was a waste where now stands Colorado Springs and all rising stations along the D. and R. G. Railroad.

The travelers, although in constant fear of robbers and Indians who then infested that country, nevertheless met with no accidents, and were subject to no inconveniencies excepting the trials incident to their laborious mode of travel, the crudeness of camp cooking, and sleeping under the stars of heaven. After several days of travel they reached safely the end of their journey and knocked at the house of their sick friend.

Vicar-General Machebeuf, who has never known what it is to remain idle, was already on his feet, and, hobbling on crutches, came along himself to open the door of his modest dwelling. What was his surprise at beholding his Bishop? He had had no advice of his coming, and hardly expected to see him. His joy was great, and expressed itself in exclamations of joy and thanks. He

said he felt so much the better since their arrival; in fact, saw to everything himself, as Father Raverdy had to attend to the missions. The travelers remained five days with the sick Vicar and then thought of their return journey.

This was made more at leisure than in going. They took time to visit Ute Pass, the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, or as it is now called, Fountain river, they saw Monument Rock and the Garden of the Gods. Nothing disturbed them but the reports about Indians, which all proved false, but still deprived them of sleep. In the return as well as in the coming, provisions were scarce; the gun was then put into requisition and the hares and rabbits of the neighborhood had to make up the deficiency in provender.

"I never shall forget," says Archbishop Salpointe, "how the Bishop seemed to enjoy those meals consisting only of a rabbit roasted at the end of a stick, eaten without salt or pepper. I thought this mode of life exceedingly hard, because I was still young in the missions, whereas they seemed of familiar occurrence to my Bishop."

Thus did good Bishop Lamy forget himself and at all times care for those who were under him in this vast field of New Mexico, confided to his paternal ministrations.

CHAPTER XV.

BISHOP LAMY UNDERTAKES A JOURNEY OF FOUR THOUSAND MILES, WITH REV. J. M. COUDERT FOR A COMPANION.

In the year 1859, as I mentioned before, the missions of Arizona having been annexed to the Diocese of Santa Fé, Bishop Lamy had sent there his Vicar-General, Father Machebeuf, to settle the missions of Arizona, with the ordinary of Sonora, under whose directions they had been up to the transfer made by the Holy See to the Bishop of Santa Fé. But the Vicar-General having contracted malarial fevers was obliged to return to Santa Fé, and the missions were left without shepherds. Hence the anxiety of the father for his remotest as well as for his nearest children. He must see them himself, he must encourage them, strengthen them in the faith, and procure pastors for them. To these ends he had applied to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus at San Francisco, and a promise of to send Fathers was made. But who can tell the anxiety of a Father? These were the two great objects of a journey of more than four thousand miles, made almost altogether on horseback, amidst a thousand difficulties, open to the brutal savagery of war-like Indians and of the wild beasts of the forest. But all this was as nothing to the zealous Bishop. He must go, he must comfort his children, he must procure for them the means of salvation.

On the 26th day of September, 1863, Bishop Lamy left his Episcopal city, with his traveling companion and secretary, the Rev. J. M. Coudert. They started on horseback; two servants followed with covered wagon, for provisions. Their first stay was at La Isleta, where the Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to a number of Indians. This excellent parish was then in charge of the Rev. Felix Jovet, who died there in 1865. From Isleta the Bishop and suite went to Ciboyeta, and there also on October 1st, he administered confirmation, the Parish Priest being Rev. Augustine Redon, at present

Rector of Antonchico. Six days afterwards he left Ciboyeta for the Fort of El Gallo, subsequently changed to San Rafael. Don Francisco Chaves was then in command of the Fort, as Lieutenant-Colonel. The Bishop and suite remained the guests of the commanding officer for several days, awaiting the departure of three companies for the west, to accompany the Bishop. It can only be justice to say that Don Francisco Chaves, did all in his power to receive and entertain the travelers with becoming dignity. The three companies of soldiers were placed under the command of Major Willis, and thus escorted the travelers set out on their long journey.

The first camping ground was at Aguafr canyon, from which they made the ascent of the steep and rugged mountain of Zuni, and then descended to camp at the foot of *Inscription Rock*, where they spent one whole day visiting the curiosities of the place. This rock is located at the end of the range, and forms, as it were, the opening of a large cave in the shape of a church with arched ceiling of great altitude. A wall extends from the entrance towards the north about one hundred feet high and six hundred feet long. Its name come from being covered with inscriptions. Some of them are quite old. One, under the date of 1626, runs thus: "*Aquí passo N. con los carros del rey, en camino para Zuni.*"*

One under date of January 25th, 1729, is of a Bishop of Durango, whose name is effaced, on his way to visit the Zunis. Early the day after, the travelers reached a large and beautiful spring called *El Oyo Del Pescador*, which is situated at the head of the great valley of Zuni and forms the head of the fine, though small river that waters the valley. Close by on each side are the well preserved ruins of two ancient Pueblos, probably of those which formed the famous *seven cities of Ciboya*, of which the capital was undoubtedly Zuni, where it is, and as it is.

The next day, the Bishop, eager to do good wherever he went, left his companions at the Pescado, and, escorted by

* Here passed N. with the king's wagons, on his way to Zuni.

four soldiers, started for the Pueblo of Zuni, six miles distant. There he was received with great demonstrations of joy by the Indians, and the four soldiers came back to their companions who, more leisurly, with Father Coudert and the servants, traveled a few miles more and encamped on the banks of the Zuni river two miles from the Pueblo. The next day Father Coudert, accompanied by two Indians sent by the Bishop, went up to the Pueblo. The travelers were received in the house of one of the Chiefs named Juan Septimo. This Indian, who was very rich, had a large mansion in which was an extensive hall paved with flagstones, which he put entirely at the disposal of the Bishop and Secretary. Not only the hall was at their disposal, but also the *flagstones*, for these were to be their only bed for the seven or eight days they remained at Zuni. Spreading upon them their buffalo-robcs, wrapping themselves in their blankets there they had to sleep on a hard and cold bed which brought on the pains of rheumatism. Their stay at the Pueblo was occupied in administering the sacraments. One hundred children were baptized, about three hundred were instructed and confirmed, for the Pueblo of Zuni was very much populated.

Among the reminiscences of the Bishop and Father Coudert is this amusing one. They relate how kind the Pueblos were in bringing them food prepared in their own way, "However," says Father Coudert, "we bought a *carnero* for seven dollars, not to impose ourselves too much on the Indians, but still more for the apprehension under which we labored that the meat offered us was dog meat. Those Indians had then and have yet the name of being very fond of that kind of meat. In fact, one of the first days after our arrival at the Pueblo, we had occasion to return to the camp, in order to bring from our ambulance some necessary clothing. On the road we met an Indian dragging with a cord a dog dead, or killed in the camp. The name they bore, added to the reason of the dragging of the dog to the Pueblo, the conclusion made was easy; hence the stomach would not retain the meat offered."

During his sojourn at Zuni, the Bishop witnessed the

famous dance of the scalp, which these Indians celebrated night and day for eight days, on the occasion of the scalping of a few Navajos whom they had surprised and killed. I will not describe that dance because it is too complicated for the limited knowledge I have of it, never having witnessed but one, danced at Denver by the Utes, after they pretended to have scalped an Arrapaho Indian, on the plains of Colorado at the head of the Republican river.

Leaving the Zunis who were pleased with the visit of the great *Tata*, the traveling party set out through a long stretch of country without water, it being thirty-six miles distant. But there, in the middle of arid plains, without sign of creek, river or water-course of any kind, God's providence had looked down upon His traveling children on earth and had placed there an unfailing spring called *Jacob's Well*. Both men and animals made haste for the well, which could not be seen until close to it. It had no vegetation around it--nothing to distinguish it from the bleak prairies. Imagine a large, round cavity, in the shape of an inverted cone, in the center of an arid desert, all around, the sides being almost perpendicular, except on one side where a tortuous path leads to the water, so that not only man but even animals can go and drink of the icy water at the bottom. The opening is about three hundred feet in diameter, and the water is one hundred feet below the surface. On the north side, near the bottom, bubbles up a small spring which fills up the cavity below with the best kind of water. This sheet of water is said to be very deep; but our travelers did not have the time to test its depth. How great is God's providence!

The party remained there two days to give rest to the animals; but there, also, they learned their first lesson in cold; for, sleeping on the ground, and not being able to have much fire, they were first aroused by a deluge of water, and they rose in the morning covered with four inches of snow. Still they suffered not of this accident, as the cold was not intense. The party, starting in the snow, which soon melted, traveled west for five days without any especial incident, and reached the Little Colorado River. There the good Bishop, meeting a train of

provisions belonging to Don Prefecto Armijo, of Albuquerque, bought a wagon with its mules, and all its merchandise, for the purpose of procuring funds for the journey, but particularly in order to travel with more celerity, as the soldiers, having to stay here and there, according to the commands received from their military superiors, caused the Bishop much delay, which became painful to him in his desire of visiting his flock. Of course, the drivers of the wagon entered the service of the Bishop. They therefore left the soldiers on the banks of the Little Colorado, and proceeded with two saddle horses, an ambulance with two mules, a wagon with eight mules, two men also with mules, who were to do the service agreed upon, the Bishop and his Secretary. A tent had been added to their baggage. "There," says the good Bishop, with a laugh, "we commenced to travel in good style."

The spot where the travelers stood opened before them the magnificent vista of a beautiful valley, watered by the Little Colorado. This little water-course runs almost directly west; it is a sandy, muddy, dangerous stream. They followed it for sixty miles, when, thinking they had a good crossing, they undertook the passage. But lo! nothing was seen of some of the mules but their ears; all were under water and mud, and the river formed several such beds, so that they consumed a whole day in that frightful work. The next day the party reached the foot of the valley, where they were to bid adieu to the Little Colorado and turn to the northwest. Before leaving it they resolved to give a rest to their jaded animals and repair the wagon and ambulance. The spot was delightful and comfortable; shaded by fine *alamos* and other trees, with an abundance of water and grass. There was only one drawback to all this—from one end of the country to the other, over all the lomas and mesas, as in the most shady nook, the Indian war-cry had been heard, and should they surprise a party, all were cruelly put to death and scalped, their provisions stolen and beasts stampeded. It became an absolute duty, therefore, to have a constant watch kept, with arms in readiness, at all times.

An incident worthy of remark must be mentioned here,

for the Bishop and his companion nearly lost their lives. It was the first time that the new tent was put in use. To make it comfortable for the dear prelate and his companion, the servants raised an embankment around the tent and warmed it with live coals placed in a pan. After having slept a while the two tired travelers were aroused by a terrible sensation in the breast and lungs. Only by degrees did they realize the danger they were in of being asphyxiated. They could not raise themselves, they could with difficulty leave their couch; but, going on all fours, and little by little, they reached the aperture of the tent, where the fresh air completely revived them and they were saved.

There they met a small caravan of Mexicans bound for Cañon del Diablo. As this was their route, they joined the caravan for the sake of having more security against Indian attacks. They first crossed a high plateau, in which they suffered greatly from cold. Father Coudert, in his own witty way, says: "I really believe that if this be the Devil's Cañon it must be far from Hell, for it was terribly cold."

This cañon, which is now crossed by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, was then a totally unexplored region. It is a deep chasm of several hundred feet, narrow, with a dry, sandy bed, without a tree or a shrub to announce its close proximity. How the waters ever cut such a bed in the rock is a mystery, for by the configuration of the land about it, it could never have been a great water-course. A probable theory is that it never was a water-course, but a crack in the soil and rocks after the cooling of the immense volcanos, now extinct, of the Rocky Mountains.

"I remember well the encampment near the Cañon del Diablo," says F. Coudert, "for the good Bishop suffered so much from cold that he could not sleep, and had to walk about in order to warm his frozen feet. Fire, we had none. The wind was terrific; the storm lasted the whole night. I slept quite comfortably by the means of a little ingenuity. I had on furred boots; I drew a box under the wagon, placing the bottom towards the wind; I put myself in it, so that it covered my head and should-

ers; I put both feet in one boot, and suffered little from the storm. It was not Diogenes in a barrel, but Father Coudert in a box. I have kept a vivid remembrance of that night on the brink of the Cañon del Diablo."

The Bishop and his suite had to cross the famous cañon. At one spot there is a narrow road, partly natural and partly cut into the rock, and with immense labor and danger they reached the bottom, went down the arroyo for half a mile where the other side was rather easy of ascent. Turning south, they commenced ascending the valley, which gradually rises, and forms, as it were, an immense base to the peak of San Francisco, which had loomed up before them for over two hundred miles. Late at night they reached the foothills of the famous mountain, and encamped at the Casnina Caves, where the soldiers had preceded them and awaited their arrival. They found an abundance of water there, which was frozen, and they were obliged to cut the ice with hatchets. The next day, leaving the soldiers there, they went up the flank north of the San Francisco, and at nightfall reached the summit of the foothills. There, strange to say, is a large spring called *El Ojo de San Francisco*. It is directly at the foot of the peak. The party suffered considerably from the cold. This peak appears to be of lava, dried up quickly and cracked by the process of cooling. It is an immense cone, rising up thousands of feet in the air, and forming the greatest needle in the world. The camp of the Ojo de San Francisco was in a romantic spot. Surrounding the spring, but at some distance, arose a perfect forest of majestic pines. On the west side of the camp was a deep trough, not made by water, but by the breaking asunder of immense beds of lava, which in the course of time had permitted pines to take root in the crevices. All was silent at night; men and beasts alike were asleep, when a terrible noise was heard no further than fifty steps from them; it was the cry of a solitary lion. The camp animals strove to break loose, and were cowed down at having such an enemy near and yet invisible in the darkness of night.

Hastening to leave this dangerous spot, the party again descended the foothills, continuing their journey to the

south, going directly towards the Walker Mountains, stopping at the mining camp of Walker, to-day the city of Prescott. This journey took the travelers twelve days, with nothing extraordinary to note except the difficulties of travel upon the plains. They passed *El Ojo de Venado*, or Deer Spring—the Turkey Cañon—*El Cañon de la Vivora*, or Rattlesnake Cañon—the Valley of the Cienega, where was established old Fort Whipple, twenty-five miles north of Prescott.

An incident happened at Turkey canyon worthy of mention, and is quite laughable. The soldiers had joined the party again as that country was infested with Indians. The whole party was under military discipline; the *tattoo* and the *reveille* were sounded over the trackless expanse, as it is done at the forts. Immense flocks of wild turkeys had their roosts upon the trees of the canyon. The turkey always chooses a dry tree if he can find it. The Bishop and his companion took their guns, but after much fatigue in the heat of the day, not a single turkey rejoiced their sight. At night, after *tattoo*, Father Coudert, with one of the servants, secretly determined to surprise the party with an abundance of game, and they took up their position under a roost. The turkeys could be seen and heard on the dry branches. All was silence in the camp situated close upon the canyon, when all were startled by repeated firing from the bottom of the canyon. It was Father Coudert's work; he had not hit the turkeys, but had broken a big limb of the tree which came down and fell upon his head. At the same time a volley was heard from above, bullets whistled around his ears; he crouched down behind a rock with his companion and the bullets passed over their heads. In vain they shouted, the firing continued, but after a while ceased somewhat so that our two hunters, crawling on their hands and knees scaled the rugged side of the canyon and emerged on the level ground at quite a distance from the camp. There everything was astir.

The inmates believed that it was an Indian surprise and were making preparations for a siege. It was soon hinted about the camp how the shots had been fired; the Bishop

scolded, the officers laughed, and everyone prepared to return to his repose. But a party of officers determining to continue the hunt, went down the canyon and set fire to the grass to see the turkeys better, but instead of hunting they had to run for their lives on account of the flames, and the camp aroused by the danger of the spreading flames, was only saved from destruction by the united efforts of the soldiers and the travelers.

The day after leaving Turkey canyon they fell in with a large party of Apaches called *Apaches Tontos*, to distinguish this clan from a number of other Apaches called by different names. They came through curiosity and also for plunder and murder, but seeing that the party was too strong for them they contented themselves by extending their hands and saying in broken English: "*How do ye do, tobacco?*"

The canyon De La Vivora had also one thing very remarkable; the side on which they came was very steep, so that they had to tie cords at the rear wheels, and forty soldiers and men were detailed to hold the wagon and keep it from falling upon the mules; the same was done for the ambulance and other wagons. So the good Bishop, always kind and even gay under trying circumstances, jokingly remarked that they had crossed the *Rubicon*, and nothing was left them but to go forward, return being impossible by that road. He therefore gladly sold his ambulance to an old officer who was journeying with his family to take the command of the new Fort Whipple.

There the Bishop and party remained until December 20, 1863. He sold there not only his ambulance but his wagon, mules and merchandise. He was again on horseback at the start with two servants to wait on him and his companion. They spent a great deal of those days hunting buffaloes which abounded there. The fishing was also excellent and they had the satisfaction of killing an antelope. On Christmas eve they reached the camp of miners located on Granite Creek, near the summit of the mountain, in the immediate neighborhood, if not on the very site of Prescott. A large quantity of snow fell and the cold was intense. A miner offered his cabin to our travelers;

it was about eight feet square, cut in the side of the mountain, the front was made up of pieces of dry goods boxes, the roof of the same material which left the snow free access into the cabin. There they had to sleep, eight men all counted. But this was Christmas, so the cabin was turned into a chapel; the ceremonies of Christmas were performed; the miners stood partly within the cabin, others shook with cold outside; the Bishop and his Secretary both celebrated mass. It is said by both of them with smiling faces that this Christmas on the town-site of Prescott was the coldest they had ever celebrated, having been obliged several times to bring the chalice to the fire to thaw the ice, and at the same time snow fell over the altar, so that now and then it had to be brushed off. They reflected truly that this birth of the Lord upon the Prescott mountains was by far worse than his birth in the stable of Bethlehem. There they left their vestments and other Church things, with two horses, in the custody of a good Mexican named Don Manuel Irrisarri.

The Bishop resolved to visit the Mojave Indians; to do this he had to cross a desert of two hundred miles, without roads, and surrounded by Apache Tontos, ready to fall on belated travelers at the first occasion. He therefore bought horses from the miners and procured enough provisions to last for six days. He relied on Divine Providence for the rest. The dangers they had to encounter were the Indians, who were on the war-path everywhere, the imperfect roads, the scanty provisions, and the bad quality and scarcity of the water. Instead of six days, they were thirteen days in reaching the Mojave Village.

They were very nearly doomed to perish in that desert. A bad young Indian of the tribe of the Hualapai's came bearing a paper recommending him as an inoffensive Indian, excellent at *taking care* of horses, and generally useful. The Bishop and party did not believe all that, and yet put more confidence in him than they ought to have done. He was given employment. On that day it rained, and afterward snow fell, the wind blew and the cold was intense. The Indian slept with the other men on horse blankets near the camp-fire. The horses were in

a thicket close by. When all slept, the Indian, arising noiselessly, like a fox, went to the thicket and stole all the horses, leaving the mules tied up to trees. Not long after the departure of the Indian was noticed, the alarm given, and the men, with the mules, started after him. His route was quite plain on the recently fallen snow. He was soon overtaken, when the coward jumped his horse to hide in the woods. It was one o'clock in the morning when the pursuers returned to the camp with the horses. In the morning they gave notice to Col. Torres, who was camping at a short distance with a party of engineers and surveyors. The Indian had reached the camp with his usual paper. The Colonel had him tied up and he received twenty-five lashes with a blacksnake whip for what he had done to the Bishop, and was ordered out of the place, which, however, did not hinder him from returning at midnight and stealing the very best horse in camp.

Leaving this camp, which they named Dry Camp, on account of the want of water, our travelers took to a vast plain before them, and soon found a cañon called Railroad Cañon, resembling perfectly the bed of a railroad. They camped at the head of it. They had water, but of a very poor quality. The want of water and scarcity of feed had rendered several of the animals unfit to be used for the travel. The following day they continued their journey through that valley, surrounded on all sides by high hills, and resembling a basin. They crossed an old road made by Mexicans crossing Arizona in 1858 to go to the gold fields of California. There they came in sight of broken stoves, plates, wagon wheels, and other furniture. They were on the spot of a terrible massacre done by Indians, whom the Mexicans call Garroteros. That name is given them from using in war a club crooked at one extremity exactly like the club used by the Mexicans in baseball-playing, which they call *la garrota*; hence the name of Garrotero, because these Indians use it as a powerful weapon, in imitation of the mace of the ancients. This massacre was done upon defenseless emigrants going, in 1858, from Mexico to California. This knowledge rendered

the travel somewhat painful and dangerous, but they saw no Indians.

At night they camped on top of a high hill west of the basin they had crossed, upon a bed of the finest carnelians and agates in the world; some were quite large and of a great variety of colors. There the prelate left his little band to start with a guide for Fort Mojave, sixty miles distant. The others followed, and three days afterward, reached the fort without accident.

At Mojave they took several days' rest, camped close to the fort, and were well cared for by the officers. They bought provisions and horses in abundance, for the Bishop had resolved to push on as far as Los Angeles, in California, and even to San Francisco, regardless of fatigue and dangers, in order to procure priests of the Society of Jesus for his poor but interesting missions in Arizona.

Fort Mojave was then a small station built on the very banks of the great river of the West, the Colorado, about three hundred miles from its mouth, in the Gulf of California. To-day the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad crosses the river at Mojave. Having met a gentleman from California ready to start on his return journey, the Bishop made arrangements with him to take their provisions in a wagon he had; he procured two horses, the provisions were placed in a boat and safely ferried across the great Colorado. There they are on the march again, well provisioned for themselves, but in the hurry the provisions for the horses had been left out, relying upon an abundance of grass. But, sad disappointment! not a blade of grass is seen—all is burnt by the heat of Summer or blasted by the cold of winter, which even there is sometimes severely felt. By chance they met a Californian on his way to Mojave. Upon much solicitation he consented to sell the Bishop fifty pounds of corn for twenty-five dollars.

Before them was a high plateau, or rather a succession of plateaus, which they gradually ascended, so that they believed they were crossing a high part of the land and no more. At their right they beheld five ranges of mountains, which at first they thought to be one and the same. But each one was separated by a vast plain and each was

different in aspect and vegetation. They left these ranges and plains to their right. One of these plains was a forest composed of a peculiar kind of palm tree, called the *Palm of Saint Peter*; many of them were fifty feet high, with trunks entirely bare, and with bare branches also, while at their extremities were tufts of green leaves, long and pointed like that of the *palmilla*. In another they saw an incredible amount of hares and rabbits; so plentiful and so tame were they that they could easily be caught with the hand.

They finally reached the summit of the so-called plateau, when they beheld an immensity before them, extending to the very waters of the Pacific. They were on the summit of the San Bernardino mountain, which is very high and very abrupt on its western slope. Before them in the valley they beheld a city of considerable size and importance and a good road leading to it from their mountain summit. They took the road leading from the acclivity of the mountain, so that the descent was comparatively easy. The road was through a cañon called the *Toll Gate*, for there was a toll gate towards the bottom, close to the residence of a gentleman, whose name they did not learn, who had built the road, and took a toll from travelers who went over it. Soon after they encamped close to San Bernardino, a town built by the Mormons, and a road diverging from the one they had followed, put the San Bernardino Mormon settlement in correspondence with Salt Lake.

There the good Bishop had a most pleasant surprise. An Irish gentleman, named Quinn, who had been years before one of his parishioners in Ohio, having heard of his arrival, hastened to him and quickly brought the whole party to a good hotel in the city, where he placed them at his charge, and all kinds of good offices were bestowed upon them. Mr. Quinn could not do enough to make them forget the long and tedious journey they had gone through, and the hardships and wants they had experienced. Still, not satisfied with this, he brought them to his own residence, and there they passed several days in repose, after their severe fatigue.

It was now the 27th of January, 1864. The Bishop could not delay, so leaving his men in the care of Mr. Quinn, he took the coach with Father Coudert and started for Los Angeles. There they remained eight days, the guests of the good Bishop of Los Angeles, Monsignor Amat, who was untiring in his hospitality. With him they visited the whole city and neighborhood. They saw at leisure the port of San Pedro, the Mission of San Gabriel, and other places. The Priests of the Cathedral were very kind to them. They recall with pleasure the names of Fathers Adams, Mutt, Duran and Laster. The pastor of the Cathedral, now Bishop of Los Angeles, the saintly Dr. Mora, was absent.

At Los Angeles, the Bishop, having learned that the Jesuits who had been promised for the Missions of Arizona had already reached their destination by another route, did not go to San Francisco, as was his intention, but commenced preparing for the return journey. They passed again the San Gabriel, and as the coach rolled by, admired at their leisure the splendor of the magnificent orange, olive and lemon trees, which seemed to spread with pride their triple crop of flowers, green fruit and luscious ripe ones. They reached San Bernardino without accident.

Returned to San Bernardino, the Bishop, helped by the good Mr. Quinn, commenced preparations at once for the tedious journey home by purchasing horses and provisions. In their return, according to the Bishop's written notes, they were to visit La Paz, White Water, Aguas Calientes, and Indian Wells. It is not necessary to say that this part of the country is very hot and unhealthy, being considerably lower than the waters of the Pacific. Thence our travelers reached *Tres Palmas*, a place having then a name for its hot springs. Thus they journeyed without special incidents, or forgotten ones, for this is written upon reminiscences of what they saw and heard, they having kept no journal of the route.

The Bishop relates with pleasure, however, that at a certain station, the name of which he has forgotten, owing to a terrific rain, they had to find shelter under a tent ten feet

square, where ten men found refuge, it being the only covered spot in the whole station ; so that the men employed in the station and the travelers were all huddled together in that narrow space, where they had to pass the night. The horses had no better fare. They had been placed at some distance in a stone *corral*, in some parts covered with the skins of animals left there on posts to dry. During the night an army of coyotes came, stole the skins, scattering over the hills the sacks of corn, and stampeded the horses. The day was nearly all spent in bringing back the horses and gathering up the corn.

But, how admirable are the ways of Divine Providence! Close by were two really Christian families, the Gallardos and Revenos. They soon learned the adventure of the Bishop, and at once brought him and his suite to their houses. A large room was improvised for a chapel in the house of Gallardos. The next day was Sunday; all was astir in those mansions. They prepared for the Sacraments, of which they had been deprived so long. Mass was celebrated; all approached the Sacraments, and Confirmation was administered after Mass. It was a day of grace and joy in that settlement of two families, and the heart of the good shepherd expanded amidst these sheep lost in the desert. They had there a strange system of chimes, which resounded near and far, and were echoed by the surrounding hills. It consisted of three bars of steel of different lengths, fastened by a wire, within an iron triangle, making music not at all disagreeable to the ear. Early in the morning they were aroused from their sleep by one of the family striking lustily upon the steel bars and calling everyone to Divine service.

There a valuable acquisition was made to the small company, by the arrival of Mr. Leon Pambeuf, who joined the travelers. Mr. Pambeuf is now residing at Antonchico, New Mexico. Leaving Gallardos they proceeded towards Weaver, a mining camp having a great name at that time. Weaver is fifty miles south of Walker, and one hundred miles south-east of La Paz. A vast desert, little known and difficult to travel, separates the two places even to this day. The days were warm: the march went on, but slowly.

The Bishop bought an ambulance at La Paz but it could hardly proceed. It was perhaps the first time that such a vehicle essayed to cross the desert.

All arrived without any mishaps at the mining camp at Weaver. As the party were to be detained there two weeks by urgent business, it was decided that Father Coudert, with Leon Pambeuf for a companion, should go north to Walker and bring back the church vestments left there during the previous December. They were soon ready and the day after the arrival, early in the morning, while the caravan formed a more permanent encampment under a rock, near a spring of water, the two travelers set out for their adventurous journey of fifty miles and return. The country was then overrun with politicians on a tour among the various camps. Some of them desired to join themselves to the traveling party, and it was agreed that they would wait for them at the first water, seven miles distant. As the day advanced and the politicians did not make their appearance, our two heroes set out by themselves, because the place was too favorable for a surprise by Indians. They traveled the whole day without rest, and yet could not cross the breadth of the valley. High hills surrounded them, they felt that they were watched by the Indians, so they stopped only late at night, and went into a thicket at some distance from the path, the night being dark, hoping thus to deceive the scalpers; they slept on the ground, supperless and fireless, one standing guard while the others slept. At the dawn of day they left their cold bed, and knowing that they were in the neighborhood of the redskins, for they saw recent tracks of them, they did not turn from their road to reach some water that was about two miles distant, but spurred on their horses to reach a spring that was in the next valley. They had to pass at the foot of a high hill, from which the whole valley could be surveyed at a glance. On that hill were the Indians; it had even seemed to them that they had perceived some heads. They reached the water on an open and high prairie which could be watched on all sides. Mr. Pambeuf lit a fire and prepared breakfast, while the priest with a gun on his shoulder attended to the horses.

After breakfast the two men started and in the same creek found a camp of miners, six in number. They had formed some paths going from one mine to another. They lost sight of their route, traveling then upon rocks and took a by-path, which disappeared after two miles. Not wishing to turn back, they faced north and for the whole day ascended the mountain they had before them. They reached its summit after dark. They were on a vast divide running east and west, and throwing the water courses north and south. They found there a hollow place where there was good wood and frozen snow. They started a large fire, thawed the snow and took a comfortable supper, after which they had a sound sleep till daylight, when Father Coudert could recognize Granite Creek, on which was Walker's mining camp. At nine o'clock they reached the house of Don Manuel Irrisarri, where the vestments had been left more than two months before. The first question of their host was: "Where do you come from?" "From Weaver." "What news have you of the massacre on the road?" "We heard of no massacre." The evening before, news had been brought to the camp of the killing of eight men, three Americans and five Mexicans, who had left Walker to go to Weaver, and had been surprised by a party of Apache Tontos and all murdered and scalped. The same news had been brought to Weaver, and this was the reason why the politicians did not start and had failed to reach our travelers. But why did they know nothing of the massacre? For a very simple reason. From Weaver to Walker are two roads, one passing west of the hill mentioned above, the other on the east, quite close to its base and meeting a few miles further. Father Coudert and companion had taken the east side road, and the massacre had taken place on the west side.

Who can depict the anxiety of the good Bishop when such news was brought to the camp? He mourned his priest whom he considered as already put to death by the Apaches. As usual he found relief in appealing with tearful prayers to heaven. No doubt his prayers were heard, for his secretary was safe at the house of Don Manuel. He found the church vestments, but the Bishop's horse

and his own, with all the mules of Don Manuel had been stolen by the Arabs of the American desert of the west.

After one day of rest, the travelers, with three Mexicans, who desired to go to Weaver, left the hospitable roof of Manuel Irrisarri and set out for the return journey. When they arrived at the forking of the roads, they deliberated a moment to know what path they should follow. The opinion broached by Father Coudert, that the path of the massacre was more secure, prevailed. It became clear to all who knew anything about Indians, that having committed a crime on the path, they were hid at some distance from it to avoid a surprise. In ascending the western slope of the dangerous hill, they met about sixty miners who had come there to avenge the death of the travelers, and bury the dead. They were returning to their mines having failed to meet the enemy. When they reached the place of the massacre they could see close by the road the graves of the victims.

"We have been told," said Father Coudert to me, "that one of the victims, a Mexican, was horribly mutilated. They cut his arms and legs in pieces, opened his breast and ate his palpitating heart. The reason of this particular cruelty was that he defended himself more bravely than the others, and also because they found on his feet Indian mocassins, he having taken, some time before, a prominent part in an expedition of United States soldiers against the Indians, whom they had routed and cut to pieces."

On the seventh day after their departure the travelers reached Weaver, to the great joy of the good Bishop and amid the congratulations of the whole camp. There was now no reason for delaying in Weaver, and they proposed to start for Tucson, two hundred and fifty miles distant. No rest was taken. The tent was folded the next morning, the wagons were made ready, and at night they camped on the very place where to-day is located the town of Wickenburg, close to a spring called *el Punto del Agua*, the Point of the Waters, because after this they had to travel eighty miles without water on a dry and arid plain. In order to suffer less from the want of that element, the Bishop an-

nounced the departure at four o'clock in the afternoon. They traveled the whole night, and in the evening of the next day reached el Rio Salado, near its junction with the Gila. It is a large and deep stream, but the bed being rocky, it was crossed without difficulty, and the caravan encamped on the banks of the Gila, the water of this river being far better than the brackish water of the Salado. There they remained two days to rest the animals after the hard drive from *Punto del Agua*.

The Bishop, preceding his party, left them to follow at leisure, and went directly to the station of the Casa Blanca, situated at the forking of the roads to Yuma and Prescott. This station adjoins the village of the Pimas. The Maricopas are located two miles lower, also on the Gila. Leaving their place of encampment, they ascended the right side of the river. The Maricopas flocked around them to sell them some provisions and mares. Among other objects for sale they had the finest kind of wheat, which was remarkably clean. These Indians, as well as the Pimas, were then good Indians, clean and decently clothed. Tradition said that the Pimas and Maricopas, about twenty thousand strong, although not Christians, were of an irreproachable morality; but alas! tradition, relates, too, that there is a disastrous change in their morals since the close approach of civilization.

These Indians are remarkable for their dexterity in ball-playing. Their ball is a round stone, of the size of our common baseball. They throw it with the bare foot at incredible distances, always on the run, without stooping to take the ball, but passing their toes under it and throwing it while on the run, while the adversaries run as swiftly as they can to precede the thrower, their best man taking the lead. Thus they go on a perfect run over the smooth road and return. Their hair is fine, glossy as silk, and curly. The reason of this is that they keep their head cool by smearing it with mud, thus having a plaster which covers their head. When afterwards they wash their head they have the finest kind of hair, glossy, but invariably curly, in both men and women.

From Casa Blanca the travelers hastened through El

Zaritan, on the Gila, El Agua Azul, on the plain, south of the Gila, El Picacho, renowned for the numberless attacks made upon its inhabitants by almost every tribe of the desert, reaching in good time El Charco del Yuma, thirteen miles from Tucson. There the Bishop was met by Father Messea, S. J., with a troop of horsemen, who, with great demonstrations of joy, firing of guns, etc., escorted the prelate to Tucson. Two miles from the city, Father Bosco with a numerous company came to meet their pastor. The reception was grand and was carried on with as much pomp as the city could afford. All formed in line, men and women on foot, with their children, led by Father Bosco, the horsemen led by Father Messea; all entered or stood around the new church commenced by Father Donato, the Sanctuary having been covered with a canvas by Father Bosco, while the balance of the church remained uncovered. This solemn entrance of the first pastor into Tucson, which in the near future was to become an episcopal city, took place on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1864. The Bishop, with his usual kindness, addressed words of blessing to the multitude eager to see and receive the blessing of their first pastor. Fathers Bosco and Messea, of the Society of Jesus, were the two missionaries sent from San Francisco, and who had arrived about two months before, Father Messea being pastor of San Xavier del Bac and Father Bosco remaining at Tucson.

Three weeks were spent at Tucson and vicinity. The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at Tucson and at San Xavier. This magnificent church, built of burnt adobes, stones and bricks, keeps to-day all the splendor of the antique Moorish architecture. It will repay the reader to peruse a pamphlet, admirably written by Archbishop Salpointe, telling the history of San Xavier del Bac. The deserted towns of Tubac, Tumacacori and Casa Blanca, on the Sonoita, near old Fort Buchanan, now on the very line of the railroad to Sonora, are all in the neighborhood of Tucson.

On the Monday of the second week in April several companies of soldiers started *en route* for New Mexico, under the command of Captain Johnson. The Bishop and

suite put themselves under their protection. Both officers and soldiers were kind to the Bishop, and rendered him many services on the way. On the route, without any special notice, were passed Cienega, San Pedro, Sulphur Springs, Dragoon Springs, Apache Pass, or Fort Bowie, Cienega San Simon, El Agua Escarrada, La Estation de la Sierra de los Burros, the Cow Springs, Rio Miembros, Fort Cummings, and finally the Pecacho and La Mesilla. From thence the Bishop let the soldiers go their way, and went to Las Cruces, where he spent a few days, administering confirmation, as also at Doña Ana and Fort Selden. As the Jornada del Muerto was to be crossed, the Bishop procured two fresh horses from Father Donato, who was then stationed at Las Cruces. As we have seen, Father Donato was a Franciscan friar, who had commenced the church in Tucson; but, compelled by sickness, he removed to Las Cruces, and in 1866 was massacred with great cruelty by the Indians between El Paso and Chihuahua.

Starting in the evening from Selden, at about midnight they encamped at Perrillo; early in the next morning they reached El Aleman, but as there was not enough water they went out of their course to the *Ojo del Muerto*, where the balance of the day was passed. They visited Fort MacCrea, in the neighborhood, and the next morning they reached San Marcial, Fort Craig and Socorro, which was reached at three o'clock in the morning. The kind Father Benito Bernard, since dead, was absent from home, but returned during the morning. The Bishop reached Socorro much weakened by wants of every kind; in fact, it was feared for his life on the road between Fort Craig and San Antonio. He became so weak that he could not stay on horseback, and was in a kind of comatose sleep, hardly breathing, and unable to proceed, notwithstanding all the careful attention and ministering anxiety of his traveling companion. From San Marcial the Bishop was alone with Father Coudert, the others having been left behind to proceed at their own leisure. Having left Socorro in the afternoon, they passed the night at Jojita, fording the Rio Grande at Alamillo; thence they made a flying visit to

Father Rallièrè at Tomé, and, spurring on, they reached Albuquerque for the night. The next day they went to Bernalillo, and late on the same day they reached Santa Fé, April 28, 1864, having spent six months and two days in the entire journey.

Thus did the good shepherd, at his own peril, go and search for his sheep scattered upon the desert; thus did he reap holy fruits from his wants and sufferings. Eternal honor to such men, who are willing to sacrifice their lives for the well-being of those confided to their pastoral care.

CHAPTER XVI.

BISHOP LAMY PROCURES SISTERS OF CHARITY.

The good Bishop has returned from his long and tedious journey, but his mind is not at rest; the zeal of the House of God burns his heart; the good of the souls and bodies of those confided to his care stands now before him. There is no house for the fatherless, no house for the poor orphan; no asylum for him who has been struck with sickness, no hospital. This want must be supplied. So the kind father of all goes to work at once. It will cost him large sums—it matters not; the asylum, the hospital, must be had for orphan and the infirm. He is needed in his diocese—he cannot absent himself; but he knows the charity and kindness of the daughters of Saint Vincent. He at once opens a communication by letters with the Superior of the Sisters of Charity at Cedar Grove, near Cincinnati, Mother Josephine, whom Divine Providence had again placed at the head of that community for the good of all.* His terms are accepted, and on August 21, 1865, four Sisters bid adieu to the mother house and to their dear companion sisters to start for the extreme West in search of new fields of labor—in search of new wounds both of soul and body, that they might staunch them and alleviate their pain.

The four heroines who thus left all they held dear to go far away at the command of duty did not seek notoriety; but their names are framed in the hearts of many a hard toiler, who recovered under their modest roof the health of both soul and body. Their names were: Sister Vicenta, as Superior, and Sisters Theodosia, Pauline and Catherine. They left Cedar Grove on the 21st of August, as already mentioned, and traveling by rail, they went to Omaha,

* Mother Josephine has since gone to her reward. She was a woman of superior qualities, and as a Religious her humility and unostentatious piety were models for all.

Cheyenne, Denver, Pueblo, without taking any rest. At Pueblo they took the stage, and reached Santa Fé in the middle of September, 1865.

As soon as the Sisters reached Santa Fé they were given possession of the house destined for them, and named it St. Vincent. They at once opened both the hospital and the asylum with a good number of patients and orphans, but for several years they had considerably more of the latter than of the former.

The number of patients and orphans increased steadily, and in a few years as many as seventy-three patients and sixty children received shelter at once under their hospitable roof. It was thought necessary to build a larger hospital with ampler accommodations. Many adobe houses, classrooms, wards, etc., had been added from time to time, but these were insufficient. God had sent a true help in Sister Blandina. She collected everywhere, and, with the permission of the Bishop and the Superiors, and under the guidance of the local Superior, work was commenced on the new hospital on the feast of St. Blandina, 1877. It went slowly up. Collections were made and donations received, fairs were held, and concerts, etc., given in order to raise money to finish the hospital. It was roofed in in 1880. The interior work was finished in 1882, and the Sisters took charge on the 15th of March of that year.

It is a large brick building completely furnished with all modern improvements. It is heated by steam, but the steam power and the kitchen are in separate buildings, leaving the hospital perfectly free of all danger of fire and nauseous smells. It is three stories high, with a fine cupola. The wards and the private rooms, as well as the various passages, are kept scrupulously clean, which adds much to the comfort of the patients. The orphans remain in the old adobe buildings.

The Superiors who have been at the head of the community since Mother Vincenta, are Mothers Theodosia, Augustine, Cephas, Eulalia, Sebastian, and Gabriella, the present incumbent. Only two Sisters have died since they came to Santa Fé. Sister Martha, who went to the Lord March 18, 1884, having received the Sacraments of the

church on the day previous, St. Patrick's day; and Sister Josephine, who died at Albuquerque the 28th of August, 1885.

Many improvements to the house and grounds have been made in the last few years. The improvements in front of the hospital commenced in February, 1883, and are not yet completed, but even in their unfinished state they add greatly to the beauty of the hospital. It will be shortly a delightful place for convalescents to rest their weary limbs. To the small band of four who came first many have been added since. On the 18th of February, 1870, Father Manecani obtained two Sisters from Cedar grove, and two from Santa Fé. He had prepared for them a large and convenient house, and schools were at once started, which are even now in a most prosperous condition. Sister Augustine was appointed Superior.

Albuquerque needed schools, and the late Father Donato Gasparri called the Sisters to teach schools in his mission. Mother Josephine, accompanied by three Sisters, went there in September, 1881, and at once opened a large school. Under the fostering care of Father Salvador Personné, a new school-house was commenced in what is called the old town, and is now finished, ready to receive pupils; whereas a fine academy has been erected in the new town.

Not only Albuquerque and Trinidad desired the services of the good Sisters of Charity, but Pueblo having a large body of workmen in the rolling mills started there by the A. T. and S. F. R. R., could not expose them to the dangers of machinery without having a place to go in case of an accident. The Jesuit Fathers built a fine church close by, and Sister Theresa was sent to preside over the house. They have built a large hospital, and the community is in a flourishing condition.

Thus the work goes on. The Sisters have accepted the Parochial Schools of the Sacred Heart Church in Denver, where they have also a large select school.

In 1885 they took hold of the schools of San Miguel, and through the kind efforts of Father Fayet, the pastor, they have already another bright page to add to the history of the labors of the Sisters of Charity in the West. So it

is true that when a master hand sets the machinery in motion it goes on every day improving and turning out fine work. The master hand of the venerable Archbishop has set in motion the whole religious work in this vast territory, left almost stagnant under the Mexican occupation, and the good work goes on and will go on, and the many helped by him in every way will call blessed his venerable but not decrepit old age.

CHAPTER XVII.

COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.—BISHOP LAMY BRINGS TO ROME THE
ACTS OF THE COUNCIL. — HIS FIGHT WITH IN-
DIANS ON THE PLAINS OF KANSAS.

The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore was to take place in the year 1862, but owing to the difficulties caused by the Civil War it could not take place. Peace having been restored in 1865, Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, in a letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, Dr. Spaulding, ordered him to convene a Council for the year 1866. The Archbishop of Baltimore, in a letter to all the Archbishops, Bishops and others in the United States entitled to a seat in that Council, convoked them for the first Sunday in October of that year, feast of our Lady of the Rosary.

Bishop Lamy, with the Theologian he had chosen, the Rev. J. M. Coudert, left Santa Fé in the middle of August, 1866, and taking in on his way, Leavenworth, St. Louis, Alton, Cincinnati, Louisville and Loretto—in all of which places he stopped some days—finally arrived at Baltimore three days before the convening of the Council.

The great work of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore is known to all. Its praises have been sounded by eloquent pens, and it would be out of my purpose to speak of that venerable and holy assembly, following the voice of the Holy Ghost for the good of the people. Suffice it to say that Bishop Lamy took a deep interest in it. His voice was heard on several occasions to the edification of all, and his suggestions had great weight with the Fathers of the Council. He was so much appreciated by them that he received the singular honor of being intrusted alone to bring the Acts of the Council to the Holy See for its approbation. Bishop Lamy, whom we have seen lately so great, so noble, in the poor cabin of the miner or the hut of the

Indian in the deserts of Arizona, was as much in his place in the halls of the Vatican, at the feet of the holy Pontiff, Pius IX.

Having performed his duty so well as ambassador of the Plenary Council of Baltimore to the Holy See, he now thinks of his dear Santa Fé. His heart longs to be again with his flock. But he will not return empty handed. He must bring more laborers into that far distant field of the church. He must endow his diocese with those men who forever stand foremost in the battles of the church against Satan and the world—the Jesuits. Having an interview with the late lamented Father Beckx, the Superior General, the account of whose death is still fresh in the minds of most of my readers, things were easily settled, and three Fathers and two Brothers, of the Province of Naples, were to come and found a mission in the Far West. The three Fathers destined for the mission were Fathers L. Vigilante as Superior, Rafael Bianchi and Donato M. Gasparri. The two Brothers were Prisco Caso and Rafael Vezza.

Never before had the Company of Jesus penetrated into New Mexico. The Jesuits had possessed houses, however, and others had been offered them, but all on the frontiers, and never in the interior, for the country had been confided by the Holy See to the Fathers of Saint Francis. Indeed, in 1842, if I remember right, a petition had been sent to General Santa Anna, President of the Republic, to obtain Jesuits, and by a presidential decree he had permitted them to enter into several provinces, particularly into New Mexico, as the decree says, “to civilize and convert the Indians.”

The Jesuit Fathers and Brothers, having been called from their different places of residence, met their Bishop in France. There a large accession of priests and laymen was made to the travelling band. The Bishop sailed from Havre on the steamer “Europa,” of the Transatlantic Company, May 9, 1867. The company consisted of Rev. J. M. Coudert, his Secretary, Father Paoli, a priest from the island of Corsica, the Jesuit Fathers Gasparri and Bianchi, Father Stratigo, an Italian clergyman, and the Jesuit Brothers Caso and Vezza; also the students in mi-

nor orders, J. B. Brun, A. Fourchégu, F. Lestra and Novert, L. Remuzon and Chabrier, who had received tonsure only, Masters Anthony Lamy and J. B. Lamy, nephews of his Lordship, the Bishop. There were also the father, mother and sister of the Rev. J. B. Brun. May 19th, being a Sunday, the Bishop celebrated Mass on ship, and delivered an instructive sermon to his hearers, upon the sanctification of the Sunday. On the next day, near Newfoundland, the vessel entered into a kind of gulf called by the sailors "The Devil's Place." They suffered a terrible storm and nearly perished. All suffered greatly from the effects of the storm.

Early in the morning of May 23d, the young band saw for the first time that American land, the future theater where was to be acted the stirring scenes of their apostolic labors. They landed at New York at four o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving that city as speedily as possible, they spent the Sunday of May 25th at Baltimore. There the Bishop left under the care of Father Dubreuil, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Messrs. Fourchégu, Lestra, Novert, Remuzon, Chabrier, Ant. Lamy and Romulo Richera, a young Mexican who had completed his classics in Montreal, and at 9 o'clock, P. M., May 30th, left Baltimore for St. Louis, where he arrived with his suite on Sunday morning, June 2d. In St. Louis he was joined by three Sisters of Loretto and two Brothers of the Christian Schools. On the 6th of June they went west to Leavenworth, where they were all lodged at the Bishop's house and were most kindly treated by Bishop Miége, while the Sisters were entertained at the Academy by the Sisters of Charity. There they met with Fathers L. Vigilante and J. De Blieck, S. J., who were also destined for the missions of New Mexico. They had also in the party Paul Beaubien, a young Mexican from the St. Louis University, en route for New Mexico, Jules Masset, the Bishop's business agent—finally, Antonio and Antonito, two Mexican servants, the whole party consisting of twenty-six persons.

"On Friday, June 14th," says Father Gasparri in his narrative of the journey, "we started from Leavenworth in caravans, that is to say, in wagons and carriages, for

New Mexico. We were in the carriages and the provisions in the wagons." They started by what is called the Leecompton road, passed the Stranger creek without difficulty, and on the 18th of June they camped on the banks of Grass-hopper river, at what is called "Indian Mills," close to the house of James Quaney, an excellent Irish Catholic. On the 19th they passed through Indianola, in sight of Topeka, the capital of Kansas, and on the 18th reached St. Mary's of the Pottowatomies. The good Jesuit Fathers of the mission, with all the boys, came to meet the party several miles from the college. They greeted the good Bishop and preceded him with banners and music to the gates of the hospitable mission, where they were welcomed by the Fathers. The Sunday was spent at St. Mary's, to the great joy of all.

The Bishop and party left St. Mary's on the 24th of June. On the 29th, feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, they camped a few miles from Junction City. Towards noon four peaceable Indians—perhaps spies—came to visit them, and remained awhile with them. Having, near Junction City, crossed the Smoky Hill river, they bid adieu to civilization. They were now left to their own resources against Indian attacks. Now commenced the life of the plains. Now they began to serve their severe apprenticeship at Western missions. Now was the time to strengthen their minds and hearts, as well as their bodies, in order to successfully encounter a thousand privations and a thousand dangers.

On the 1st of July they came up to a Mexican caravan, eighty wagons strong, and the men, who were well armed, received the Bishop of Santa Fe with every demonstration of joy and veneration. The caravan formed two lines better to resist any possible attacks from Indians, and the Bishop's caravan was placed in the center for the sake of protection, whether on the line of march or in camp. Every precaution was taken against a surprise. Guns and pistols were loaded, and knives were made ready for a hand-to-hand fight. The captain of the whole caravan, Don Francisco Baca, was all over, seeing to everything. He sent out scouts who reported that there were a thousand Indians

in the neighborhood, who all manifested a desire for massacre and pillage. The party encamped near a pool of dark and muddy water, the sole drink for both men and animals. There two Mexicans having gone out of camp to seek their oxen which had strayed during the night, became themselves lost in the immensity of the desert. Men were sent after them and brought them back to camp only after twenty-four hours of hard searching. There, also, they met the buffalo in large herds and killed quite a number of them.

On the 14th (Sunday) the good Bishop celebrated mass and delivered a pathetic address to his hearers, in which he impressed upon them the necessity of bearing with fortitude the evils of this world, and of giving strict obedience to orders. It was an impressive and solemn sight to see that band of travellers prostrated on the desert, surrounded by enemies, raising their hands and hearts to Heaven for grace and protection. About this time symptoms of cholera were noticed, and for two weeks it raged in the camp, carrying off a number of victims, but sparing, through God's interposition, the great majority of the band.

On the 16th they camped about three miles below Fort Dodge. Several times in the journey they had sighted little bands of Indians, but now they gathered closer to the travellers, not unlike those wolves which are said to gather far and near to attack strayed sheep in the desert. On the 17th, at dark, while the animals were being unharnessed from the wagons, they were attacked for the first time by about fifty Indians. The day before they had attacked a train a few miles further west. This train was coming from New Mexico. The Indians, in that affray, killed two, and wounded three, men, and stampeded five hundred and thirty oxen. Another train, composed of fourteen wagons and twenty-five men, all Americans, five of whom were soldiers sent from Fort Dodge as an escort, were two miles before them. There some renegades, lying in ambush behind some brush, fell suddenly upon them as they were preparing to encamp, and discharged a volley in upon them. The Americans, nothing daunted, pur-

sued them upon the hills near the camp, and for two hours fought them determinedly. It is not known how many Indians fell, but in the travelling party a young American, sixteen years old, was killed by being stabbed in the heart, and a soldier was severely wounded, while several of the Americans received slight wounds, and an ox was killed. After two hours combat the Indians disappeared, and the next day attacked the caravan of the Bishop. It was near the Arkansas river that these fifty mounted Indians appeared suddenly upon a hill at a short distance and rushed madly upon the party, shouting and discharging their firearms. The good Mexicans of the caravan turned upon them and chased them some distance without loss.

Every one knows the Indian's war tactics. He never fights in regular battle. He tries to surprise his enemy, if he be not constantly on the look out; to harrass him; to kill any man or animal lagging behind. He comes with all the fleetness of his steed, discharges his arms, (and he is generally a good shot,) and retires with the same fleetness, his body entirely hid behind his horse, so that you hardly see his foot and hands. He returns on the first favorable occasion to renew his peculiar skirmish.

On the 18th twenty soldiers from Fort Dodge came with an ambulance to carry away their wounded comrade. They took ten men from the caravan to follow the Indians and chase them from their dens, but after travelling five or six miles, they returned without having encountered them.

The 22d day of July was a memorable day for our travellers. At ten o'clock in the morning Jules Masset was seized with cramps, an infallible symptom of the cholera. He was taken care of by the band of levites, and his body was rubbed. The poor boy called in vain for his mother, and at three o'clock he was no more. But at two o'clock, while he was dying, they camped closer to the Arkansas river, at a place called Cimarron Crossing. About fifteen men, who had been detailed to ascertain the whereabouts of the savages, returned at full gallop, pursued by more than four hundred Indians. Two of the men escaped being made prisoners by going at a distance to turn around to camp. Two Indian spies had been seen awhile before by the sen-

tinels. The Mexican caravan had already crossed one wagon from the left to the right bank of the Arkansas. The Indians were lying down upon their breasts in the weeds, like snakes, when they were seen by the scouts. Their idea no doubt was to let other wagons cross, and then attack without danger the balance of the party in camp, and seize the booty left defenceless upon the other bank. But the wary sentinels discovered them to soon.

"The Indians," writes Father Brun in his journal, stopped a short distance from our camp, and forming into a batallion, held a council of war. After a few moments of apparent hesitation, the Indian batallion, mounted on fine horses, approached, but a general discharge from our American rifles, which were of very long range, forced them to retreat. Soon, however, they returned and were driven back again. Then ten or twelve detailed from the batallion paraded a few yards from us. They passed before our camp with an incredible celerity, discharging their firearms as they rushed by. Some even came on foot, in order to induce us to pursue them, and then to fall upon us, who had not more than thirty horsemen.

"With the same intention they had placed on the hill, in sight of the camp, the five hundred and thirty oxen stolen a few days before, from the outgoing Mexican train. They hoped we would leave camp to go and fetch them; but they were frustrated in their design, for the Bishop and the captain of the caravan gave express orders that no one should go outside of the stockade, which was made of wagons bound together, forming an oval figure, with the animals in the center. The good Bishop was everywhere encouraging the men to fight bravely and defend themselves to the death if necessary. He held a gun in his hand, and gave orders with great coolness and deliberation, showing to all an example of courage and calmness. Every one was at his post behind the wagons, and when the Indians, in single file, passed before us, shaking their bucklers made of buffalo skins, and discharging their guns or shooting their arrows, we returned their fire, and observed several fell from their horses, and immediately, dead or only wounded, were surrounded by their companions, replaced

on their horses and taken away. We could hear the bullets whizzing over our heads, several were imbedded in the wheels of the wagon, but fortunately none of us were wounded.

"Father Coudert distinguished himself among all by his coolness and valor."

Here I must interrupt for a moment the interesting journal of father Brun, to relate an incident that was told me about this melee with the Indians. My informant stated that an English speaking Indian came nearer than the others to the camp. Father Coudert shot at him alone. He fell, but was surrounded at once by his comrades. Father Coudert had hit him in the shoulder as he arose from behind his horse, and this proved to be the decisive point in the battle. Who could he be? Report said that it was Charley Bent, the son of Governor Bent, and one of the principal chiefs. This young man had been thoroughly educated in the Catholic Universities, but he strangely enough, preferred the wild life of the Indian to the sedentary life of a whiteman. It was said also that he was soundly berated by the Governor, his father, for participating in this skirmish, and had to promise him never again to attack any caravan in which there were Bishops or priests. How true all this is I know not.

"After more than three hours of such a fight," continues Father Brun, "the Indians went off in small bands, separating from one another in order the better to avoid our bullets. Some of them on horseback stayed behind the others, as if to dare us to follow them. This is a trick of the Indians, who thus simulate a flight, and then suddenly return to attack the camp, which may be exulting over its victory. About thirty of us, forgetting this ruse of war, left the camp in order to explore the battle field, examine the five dead or mortally wounded horses, the spoils of the Indians, saddles, bridles, the beautiful slippers adorned with precious stones of the principal chief, arrows, bows and quivers, pistols and guns, etc. Suddenly an Indian troop, with the swiftness of the wind, turned back on the imprudent men, who, however, noticed the movement soon enough to flee back to the camp. The Indians, frustrated

there, turned back and joined their main body about a mile away. Then they crossed the river to rest, and to rob at leisure the wagon left alone on the other side of the stream. There they remained facing us on the right bank of the river till nine o'clock, when they set the wagon on fire.

"During that time some Indians lurked around our camp screaming, '*Amigos!*' a new trick of the enemy to draw us to them. But we took care not to notice them, and a fusillade was the only answer to their '*Amigos!*' We were now shooting in the dark, but it is to be believed that some never uttered a cry any more. During the night, having placed the animals between the camp and the river to let them graze a while, some Indians swam the river stealthily to stampede them. But our sentinels were on the alert and could not be caught by any such stratagem. In a moment the whole camp was on foot, a volley followed the swimmers, and the Indians, whether in the river or on its banks, finally abandoned their designs.

"We learned sometime after that three of the principal chiefs had been killed and one severely wounded. As for us, we were protected in a visible manner by Divine Providence. Having for hours fought an enemy five times as numerous as ourselves, and more accustomed to fight, we did not have a single member of our party wounded. Our good Mexicans attributed this wonderful protection of God to the presence of Bishop Lamy and the missionaries, and showed still more zealously, if possible, their respect and devotion to him.

"Some days later, when we reached Trinidad, we read in the Denver '*Gazette*': 'The caravan of Dr. Lamy, Bishop of Santa Fé, composed of fifteen missionaries and five Sisters, have been attacked by the Indians. Monsignor and his priests have been massacred and the *religieuses* led away captive by the savages.'

"It is thus that history is written."

"On the 23d," writes Father Gasparri, "we continued our journey, and toward evening Sister Alphonsa Thompson, a native of Kentucky, fell sick. Night setting in, we camped, and she being very ill, received the Last Sacraments. The other Sisters waited on her all night, and the

next day we had to continue our journey. She was put into a wagon with the four other Sisters, and when we had halted, she died at ten o'clock July 24th, being not quite twenty years old. We all felt most sensibly the death of that Sister, so much the more as no remedies could be procured in these desert plains to relieve her. On the other hand the Indians would not let her die in peace. She was buried in the evening, near the road, in a place well marked and known to the Mexicans. A coffin, the best that could be had under the circumstances, was made for her, and all accompanied the body in procession, a Jesuit Father performing the funeral ceremony, and the Bishop assisting. Before leaving the place a cross was planted over the grave. The poor Sister had expressed a desire not to have her body left there, but to have it taken on with us to New Mexico, fearing perhaps that the wild Indians, finding it, would desecrate it. But this was not done, above all because the cholera had broken out among us, but also because it is said that the Indians always respect dead bodies. God, moreover, would protect in a special manner that body, in which had dwelt a soul as pure and innocent as Sister Alphonsa's."

Referring to the sad death of Sister Alphonsa, Bishop Lamy wrote: "The youngest Sister of Loretto died on the 24th of July, from fright, as I consider it, caused by the attack of the savages. She was eighteen years of age, well educated, and a model of virtue."*

The following lines written by an unknown friend in the *Ave Maria*, were handed to me. Let them be the epitaph of dear Sister Alphonsa:

* Three years afterward, while pastor at Topeka, Kansas, I received a note from Bishop Lamy, requesting me, on my frequent visits on the plains, to find the grave of Sister Alphonsa. Accompanied by two men of those who were employed by the Railroad near Cimarron Crossing, I forded the river and following the old track, quite plain yet, we saw, or thought we saw, the grave by the roadside, the spot being marked by a higher tuft of grass. The cross, however, had disappeared, burnt probably by the frequent prairie fires. We could not delay long, as the evening was advancing, and we had strict orders from the camp not to stay long for fear of the Indians. The fact is the track layers were working with tools as usual, but having a gun close by to repulse attacks, which were quite frequent. The grave was in good condition.

THE DESERT GRAVE.

[Suggested by the death of a Sister of Loretto, while crossing the plains in the train of Bishop Lamy, which was attacked by Indians.]

A lonely grave on the desert plain,
Where the howling winds and the driving rain
Chant their wild requiem over my head,
As if I were one of their early dead—
Here is the chosen spot for me
To rest in my virgin purity,
Till the Bridegroom cometh to call me hence
To be crowned in his heavenly residence.

Hush! a footstep over my head!
I remember the hurried and stealthy tread.
'Tis the savage Indian tracking the train
That is passing across this desert plain.
I knew by the sound of the warlike shriek,
'Tis one of tribe I came to seek.
Came to this howling wilderness,
With a sister's love to redeem and bless
Their outcast life; by no hope enticed,
Save to win their savage souls to Christ;
One of the tribe for whom I gave
My life in return for this desert grave.

They met us passing the lonely road:
"He, he!" they cried, "'tis the white man's code;
"Let us murder and rob the pale faced crew,
"And do unto them as they also do."

Sick unto death with the fever's blight,
I heard the sounds of the deadly fight,
Visions of foul dishonor rose
In my woman's fear, and with terror froze
My virgin blood. Too weak to fly
From the dreaded fate, I prayed to die.
Then my soul fulfilled its virgin vows
And escaped to the arms of its heavenly spouse.

When God shall call for His martyred dead,
From my desert grave I will lift my head.

On the 26th it was resolved to leave behind the Mexican caravan because it was too slow, and also to free themselves from cholera, which continued raging among the Mexicans. It was a touching separation. The chiefs of the caravan came to the missionaries, all together recited the Litanies of the Saints in thanksgiving for their wonderful preservation. All having knelt down on the bare ground, the Bishop gave them his benediction, which they received with great faith and devotion. At four o'clock in the evening, leaving their companions, they travelled the whole night for fear of attracting the attention of the Indians.

The travelers were looked upon by all whom they met as ghosts from the other world, the news of their massacre having spread everywhere. On the 3d of August they were in sight of Trinidad. Father Vermare, the Priest of the place, came a long distance to meet his Bishop and confreres. On the 5th, having crossed the Raton, they were met by Father Guerin of Mora, with Fathers Rousset and Bourdier, then in minor orders.

From that time the coming of the Bishop to his Episcopal city appeared as a triumphal march. From all the parishes processions of men with their pastors at their head came out to welcome him. They came five or six leagues distant to meet their father. As soon as they saw him they gave shouts of joy, then falling on their knees, they kissed his hand asked his blessing. The women and children came afterward on foot. Thus they crossed Mora, Sapello, Las Vegas and San Miguel.

On the 15th of August, an auspicious day, from the hills they beheld Santa Fé. There the demonstrations of joy surpassed anything witnessed elsewhere. More than two hundred horsemen went to meet their Bishop at a distance of twelve miles. They served as an escort. The Christian Brothers, with their bands, were the first; other bands of music followed; the Bishop entered the Cathedral, at the door of which the Vicar General welcomed him in the name of the clergy, after which the Bishop solemnly gave his benediction to the people. Glorious Prelate, amidst a well beloved clergy and a well beloved people!

His heart was now full. He had brought with him a new and powerful element of education for that dear people whom he so much loved. He had enriched his diocese with a religious Order that was to do so much for the cause of religion. In one word, he had brought with him the Jesuits.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JESUITS IN NEW MEXICO.

The Jesuits in New Mexico date the history of their labors from the 15th of August, 1867, Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. Mary.

The Bishop, in his interview with the Father General, had promised to give the Jesuits a property in their own name, with a church and a house. On the journey he told them that he had determined what church he would give them, and after reaching Santa Fé, he informed them, through the Vicar General, that the place he had determined upon was Bernalillo, and that while Father Vigilante should stay some days in Santa Fé to arrange matters, they would proceed at once to Bernalillo, and there be installed by the Vicar himself.

On August 20th, after a few days rest, accompanied by the Vicar Eguillon, Fathers Rafael, Bianchi, Donato, M. Gasparri and the two Brothers, Caso and Vezza, started for Bernalillo. Father de Blicck had come only for his health, and did not belong to the mission. The travellers passed one night at the Pueblo of Santo Domingo, and early on the second day they reached Bernalillo, and Father Eguillon brought them to the house of Don Pedro Perea; but in the evening they insisted on going to their own house, no matter in what condition it should be. The Vicar General solemnly installed them on the following day. The people were called by the sound of bells to divine service, and the Fathers were presented to the people as their pastors. Father Eguillon afterwards returned to Santa Fé. Father Vigilante, the Superior, arrived on the 1st of September, and the Company commenced work among the faithful. Their life in Bernalillo was not different from that of any other parish priests, attending to all the spiritual needs of those confided to their care. Besides Bernalillo and its missions, they had for the present the charge of Peña Blanca and its missions, and Jemez and its missions.

Besides the administration of these missions, the Bishop had confided to them the care of teaching moral theology to a young seminarian. They commenced in September, and two more were added in October. They remained till the commencement of December, when the Bishop called them to Santa Fé to ordain them. In the meantime many among the Mexicans who knew the Society and her colleges in the East, were anxious that they should open schools of some kind. On the other hand, the clergy desired that they should take good and virtuous young men, with capacity for study, so that they might be prepared for the priesthood, and have thus a native clergy, and not to depend entirely upon priests from Europe, who could not always be obtained. But besides those ideas, thus expressed, nothing more was done on the subject.

The Bishop at that time desired that a retreat should be given to the clergy. Father de Blicek, who had been placed at the service of the mission by the Father General, was charged with it. The retreat took place at Santa Fé in November; after which another was given to the Sisters of Loretto, and a third to the Christian Brothers. Afterwards sermons and lectures were given for a while at the Cathedral to all persons who spoke the English language. These lectures took place on Sundays and Thursdays.

In the meantime Father Éguillon, V. G., expressed the desire that a mission should be given to the people of Santa Fé. Fathers Bianchi and Gasparri were accordingly sent to take charge of it. A triduum was given first to the children, commencing on the 8th of December and lasting to the 12th, when they all started in grand procession from the Cathedral to the church of our Lady of Guadalupe. An immense concourse of people were present, and Father Gasparri addressed them with much unction, producing the best effects. On the evening of that day commenced the mission, which lasted to the 25th, the great day of the Nativity of our Lord. The two missionaries spared no means, no labor, to produce fruits of virtue in the souls of their hearers. And indeed these fruits were wonderful, and the number of those who took part in the general communion on Christmas day was incredible. Cold and indiff-

erent hearts were warmed up to fervor, persons living a bad life perhaps for years, gave up their evil ways, marriages not sanctified by the blessing of the church were redressed, many evil habits were given up, so that really the population of Santa Fé, always animated by a religious spirit, on account of the zeal of its clergy, became a model people, anxious to frequently receive the Sacraments, in an edifying spirit of faith which characterises the Catholic population to this day. Both the Bishop and his Vicar General expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the mission.

Besides the actual good of the mission in casting out evils from among the people, a permanent effect was produced by inculcating a great devotion toward the B. V. Mary, establishing the practice of the Rosary, enrolling all or nearly all, in the Scapular, so that the zealous priests afterwards not only continued these practices, but added others, such as the devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and the various Sodalities for both males and females, which in their way increase the devotions of the people of Santa Fé every day, and make the parishes in which these pious societies are fostered the models of all others in the diocese.

These missions, almost unknown before the advent of the Fathers, were now asked for everywhere. When that of Santa Fé was given, the Legislature was in session, so that the greater part of the Senators and Representatives took part in the exercises. Afterwards, on returning to their homes, they spoke to all of the happy fruits produced by the mission, and kindled in the hearts of those who had not attended the desire of enjoying the same benefits. The Fathers commenced at home in the first months of the year 1868, they gave missions at Peña Blanca, Santo Domingo, Jemez, Los Corrales and Bernalillo. At that time—it being Lent—Father Gasparri started to visit all the missions. He confined himself to Bernalillo and Jemez because a priest had just been appointed pastor of Peña Blanca. His success was great. But before he could visit them all, it was thought of transferring the Jesuits to Albuquerque. The affair thus came to pass.

The Bishop had promised the Father General to give the Jesuits a church, with a house and a piece of land, as their own property. When he sent them to Bernallilo, which contained these three requisites, of course he promised to give them the title thereto as soon as possible. But there arose difficulties which hindered him from it. The church, house and land were within the property of a certain Doña Dolores Otero, the deceased wife of Don Francisco Perea, who at his death left it to his two children yet minors. When the church and house were built the title of that property had been given to the Bishop, as also the possession of it. But the title had been lost before being registered. The children being minors neither they nor their guardian could either sell or give. Now the Bishop could not give to the Fathers a title before he obtained it himself, consequently he desired to transfer them to another point, Albuquerque. For that purpose the Bishop, on March 16, 1868, went personally to Albuquerque. The next day he returned to Santa Fé, and soon after had an interview with Father Augustine Truchard, then parish priest of Albuquerque. Whether he was the first to offer his resignation, or simply gave his consent, is uncertain, but before leaving Albuquerque he made some conditions. But for this transaction it will be better to quote Father Gasparri's word in his "*Historia de la Compañía de Jesus en Nuevo Méjico*," a work never yet printed, but kept in the archives of the Society. Here are his words, translated from the Spanish :

"The conditions were that we should assume his debts, leaving in our favor a property belonging to him, that he should remain in Albuquerque until after Easter, and that we could not enter it until after his departure. The first condition was the heaviest. The debt amounted to three thousand six hundred dollars, a part of which was to be paid in silver. The property which he gave us—the house and the land—had not cost him more than two thousand dollars in paper, and he sold it to us at that price. The sixteen hundred dollars were to be paid thus : eleven hundred in paper and five hundred in silver.

"All appeared well to Father Vigilante, who desired

this change more than all, and accepted all the conditions. He went to Albuquerque during Holy Week, bought the property for two thousand dollars, obligating himself to pay the balance, and, perfectly satisfied, wrote to the Father General and to the Father Provincial what he had done. It is certain that he received answers very little satisfactory, but he never manifested it. At the time appointed, Father Truchard left Albuquerque. He came to Bernalillo on the 20th of April, and on the following day Father Vigilante, accompanied by Father Bianchi, went to Albuquerque in order to take possession of the new parish. Father Gasparri and the Brothers remained in Bernalillo one week more to settle all business."

Being now established in Albuquerque, the Fathers solemnly celebrated the exercises of the month of May, and on the last day—Feast of Pentecost—a great number of people approached the Sacraments. F. Gasparri gave, in the month of August, a retreat to the Sisters of Loretto, to the clergy, and to the Christian Brothers. While in Santa Fé the Rev. J. Guerin, parish priest of Mora, asked him to give also the exercises of a retreat to the people of his parish. The Rev. F. Gasparri agreed to give it in December. So at that epoch he and Father Bianchi started, passing through Santa Fé and San Miguel. At Las Vegas the pastor took them in his carriage to Mora. That mission produced great fruits of piety in that place and neighborhood. It commenced on the morning of the 8th of December by a short mission to the children, which terminated by a general communion on the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. That evening the great mission commenced. After a few days Father Bianchi felt ill, but he continued as usual, to preach and hear confessions. It was so very cold that the Precious Blood froze in the chalice; but despite all climatic severities he was at his post. On the 18th he preached a remarkably eloquent sermon on Death. After the sermon he went to bed, never to rise from it again in life. He grew fatally sick. Two doctors were called, and said he was attacked with pleuresis. Father Guerin and Father Bourdier, were unremitting in their attentions to him. A third physician was called, but it

was of no avail. On Christmas Day he received Holy Communion with unusual devotion. Soon after, the symptoms grew alarmingly worse, and on the 29th—Feast of the Holy Innocents—a little after five in the morning, he gave up his beautiful soul to God. In the afternoon his body was carried to the church, where all the people flocked to see the dead missionary. The concourse was immense. News of the event was spread at once. Father Fialon, of Sapello, and Fathers Coudert and Peyron, of Las Vegas, came in due time to take part in the solemn ceremonies.

Tuesday, December 28th, 1868, the good missionary was buried in the church of Mora, in the sanctuary, on the epistle side. Father Gasparri celebrated mass, assisted by Fathers Fiallon and Lujan, retired priests in Mora. All the stores remained closed on that day; an immense concourse of Protestants and Jews, as well as of Catholics, were present. Everyone felt that a saint had died. Even the two legislative bodies, in session at Santa Fé, passed appropriate resolutions, and put on mourning to the end of the session; a fact so much the more remarkable, since it is seldom done, and moreover several of the members, both of the Senate and the Assembly, were not Catholics.

Father Rafael Bianchi was born at Casentino, Province of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, December 19, 1836. He studied the classics in the schools of the Society at Aquila. He entered the novitiate at Conoehia, August 7th, 1852. He studied rhetoric and philosophy while teaching grammar at Naples. Expelled with other Fathers from Italy in 1860, he was sent to France to study theology. He was ordained priest at Laval, September 19, 1863. The following year he was sent to Spain, passed one year at Maurega, taught philosophy at Tartosa, and started for New Mexico, April 18, 1867. In a word, he was a man of as great regularity as the most fervent novice. He was held in great esteem by all who knew him.

The mission of Mora finished on the day of the Nativity of Our Lord. It produced much good among the people. There the first mission cross was planted in New Mexico. The death of Father Bianchi was the seal of that mission,

and confirmed many in their good resolutions. Afterwards Father Gasparri, assisted, now by the pastor, then by his assistant, visited all the missions of that parish, and the number of those who did not approach the Sacrament was exceedingly few.

In the meanwhile, another mission was preparing at Taos. This parish needed a mission, especially on account of a certain schism which existed there. This schism had started in this wise: Father José Antonio Martínez had been appointed parish priest of Taos in the year 1826. He governed that parish till 1856, when he spontaneously resigned his parish into the hands of Bishop Lamy, and another priest was sent to administer the parish. Subsequently, owing to some difficulties between him and the new pastor, he regretted having resigned, and claimed to be the rightful pastor of Taos. Not having the use of the church, he built a chapel in his own dwelling, and there performed all the duties of parish priest. As he had been many years parish priest of Taos, and his family being one of the most noted in that district he drew to himself a party, either in Taos or in the missions that were attached to Taos.

For many reasons Bishop Lamy, after the accustomed canonical admonitions, was compelled to suspend him, along with Father Lucero, who acted as his assistant. This exasperated him and strengthened the spirit of schism, which the zealous priests who succeeded one another in Taos have not been able entirely to destroy. Thus remained affairs to the death of Father Martínez, July 28th, 1867, who gave no sign of submitting to the Bishop, and demanded, before dying, to be buried in his own chapel, and Father Lucero buried him, acting as pastor of the schismatics.

The Bishop, being at Taos in October of the year 1868, proposed to Father Gabriel Ussel, the parish priest, to have a mission given to his people. Then Father Gasparri was in Mora; he was communicated with at that place, Father Ussel himself coming to Mora. Both went to Sapello, where was the Bishop, in order to take his advice on the subject. By that time Father Bianchi was dead, and it

was decided that F. Gasparri would go alone and preach that mission. He left Mora with Father Ussel on the 12th of January, 1869. The mission for the people commenced on the 17th and lasted two weeks. The difficulties and prejudices were great, but happily the family of Martinez, the most notable in the parish, gave a bright example of obedience, and was one of the first to ask to be reconciled with the Church. After this the difficulties were much less, and the mission produced abundant fruits among the population.

In Albuquerque affairs continued as usual. Father Vigilante, being alone, asked for Father Boucard, but he became sick and left, and Father Fourchaigu, who was then in Santa Fé was sent to him to help in the best way he could, as assistant. On the return of F. Gasparri, Father Fourchaigu returned to Santa Fé. The Bishop in the meanwhile reinstated Father Rodriguez, who lived close to Albuquerque, and gave him permission to say Mass, and also to administer the Sacraments, so that he could help the Fathers.

In March, 1869, the Jesuits commenced paying their debt. Things became more prosperous. At once schools were started, the church was improved, and much needed work was done, both at Albuquerque and in the missions. Soon after, Fathers Leone and Tomassin came to give their help, and enabled F. Gasparri to start on a Mission among the Navajoes, in July, 1870, with a view to establish a permanent mission among them; but the promises made by the Government failed, he was obliged to abandon the mission, and it was passed over to the Methodists.

In the Spring of 1871 great preparations were made to celebrate with becoming pomp the Feast of the Sacred Heart. At the same time took place the Jubilee of Pius IX. The alms given for the Jubilee were employed in making a silver heart with a gold cross. The names of the donors were placed in it, and the whole was sent to the Sovereign Pontiff.

In the same year the Rt. Rev. P. J. Machebeuf, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, offered Conejos, a beautiful location in the San Juan Valley, to F. S. Personne, who had lately

come from Europe, and in the next year Father Pinto, also recently arrived, was given the mission of Pueblo. In the meantime the Fathers in Albuquerque were not idle. A far more convenient place for a cemetery had been purchased, three miles from the city, on elevated ground, and there the corpses of thousands who had been buried for centuries in a low, swampy place were removed in a most solemn procession.

In the year 1872 also that Father Gasparri commenced to print books for the benefit of the church and mission.

Soon after was established a novitiate, which later on was removed to Las Vegas, and finally discontinued altogether for want of means—the young novices being sent since that time to Florissant, near St. Louis, the great novitiate of the Province of Missouri.

In 1873 was formed a new parish from missions belonging to Mora, Sapello and Antonchico, located at La Junta, and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Rev. F. Tomassini was appointed its first pastor.

The year 1874 was occupied in giving a number of missions to the various parishes of the diocese. One given in Las Vegas produced such fruits that the whole population, through a select committee, desired the Fathers to establish a college there and remain among them. Don Manuel Romero offered a house for that purpose until such time as they would be able to erect a suitable college. The offer was accepted; and soon after several of the Fathers removed to Las Vegas, while F. Baldassare, the new Superior, remained at Albuquerque with the others.

The first number of the *Revista Catolica* was published January 2d, 1875. It was then severely handled by all the papers, impious and malicious, published in Colorado and New Mexico. It nevertheless withstood their attacks, and has continued to increase and prosper, till now, under the editorship of learned Fathers, and the carefulness and patience of Father Ferrari, its publisher, it has become one of the foremost weeklies published in New Mexico.

The generous population of Las Vegas continued asking for a college; offers of help were made; land was purchased, and in November, 1877, Rev. Salvador Personné

was installed as first President of the institution in the house of Don Manuel Romera, which answered the purpose for a while. There the President and his faculty dwelt for one year, commencing with twenty-five boarding pupils and about one hundred day scholars.

On the 21st of June, 1878, the foundations of the new college were laid, and in November of the same year it was blessed and made ready for occupation. The faculty consisted of Rev. Salvador Personné, President, with the Reverends Alphonsus Rossi, S. J.; Lawrence Fede, S. J.; A. Minaci, S. J., and two auxiliary Brothers. God alone knows the privations and sacrifices which the little band had to endure. Three thousand dollars were given by subscription, but where the balance came from is the secret of God; but we do know that they built and paid for their building.

In December, 1882, the Rev. Dominic Pantanella, S. J., was appointed President of the College, and Father Personne was called to replace the lamented Donato Gasparri in Albuquerque. His work there was great. He completed the new Church of the Immaculate Conception in New Albuquerque begun by Father Gasparri, and built with brick and of beautiful interior finish. The church in Old Albuquerque was also rendered one of the finest of the Territory.

In August, 1874, Father Pantanella, having been called to establish a new college in Morisson, near Denver, Col., Father Personné returned to Las Vegas as President, being replaced in Albuquerque by the Very Rev. Father Baldasare, S. J.*

The college is increasing yearly. It had, in 1883, as many as ninety boarding pupils and two hundred and seventy-five day scholars. The year 1884 was more bright than ever. When classes commenced there were seventy pupils present. They came from various places—Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, Texas, Colorado, each furnishing

* Father Baldasare was afterwards stricken with paralysis and went back to Sunny Italy to recover his health, but in vain. He has gone to his reward.

separate contingents—and some even came from Philadelphia.

I never would finish this interesting subject were it not my space is limited. I must mention two great losses suffered by the Society and I will have done. I allude to the deaths of the Revs. Diamare and Gasparri.

The *Revista Catolica* of the 29th of April, 1882, speaks in the highest terms of the virtues of the Rev. James Diamare, S. J. It says:

“At 10 o'clock A. M. of the 25th of April, the Rev. P. James-Diamare returned his beautiful soul to God; he was over 43 years of age, and had been over 17 years a member of the Society of Jesus. He was born in the city of Naples, on the 22d of February, 1839. He studied the classics in the Jesuit schools of Naples. Pious always, he felt attracted to the priesthood, and entered the Urban Seminary in his native city. In 1863 he was ordained priest secular, and a year after entered the Society of Jesus. He entered his novitiate at Rome, and soon after was sent to Reggio, in Calabria, as secretary to Monsignor Ricciard, Bishop of that city. Later he was sent by his superiors to Sezze, in the Pontifical States, to teach theology. He came to New Mexico in October of the year 1873. On the 2d of February, 1876, he took his final vows, and made his solemn profession at Las Vegas. He was charged with the business of the *Revista*, which he rendered every day more attractive. Sent to give missions, he took no rest; and Santa Fé, Albuquerque, Mexico and Texas heard in turn his powerful voice. He returned from Texas overworked and sick, and a few days later returned his innocent soul to God.”

Father Donato Gasparri, S. J., died at Albuquerque on the 18th of December, 1882. He was 48 years of age, and was born at Bicarit, in Italy, and educated at Salerno under the tuition of the Fathers of the Company of Jesus, entering into the Society at the age of sixteen. He studied and taught in several colleges of the Society till the civil troubles of 1860. The revolution reached him as it did others, and he was sent to Laval, in France. Ordained priest, he was sent to Spain. Calatzud, Balaquer, Sara-

gosa and Valencia were the various fields of his labors. Chosen by the Superior-General to accompany Bishop Lamy to New Mexico, he hastened to France, and was soon on his way to this land that was to be the field of his labors and his tomb. I need not speak of his great works—they are emblazoned in the minds and hearts of all Catholics in New Mexico. May the faithful servant enjoy now the glory of his Master!

CHAPTER XIX.

ERECTION OF THE PROVINCE OF SANTA FÉ—ARCHBISHOP LAMY RECEIVES THE PALLIUM.

I pass over several years consecrated by the good Bishop J. B. Lamy to the advancement of the Catholic cause in New Mexico. I say nothing of his constant journeys through his diocese, the foundation of new parishes, the establishment of schools, nor of his voyages to Europe for the good of the people. All these things are sacredly recorded in the hearts of both clergy and people. I hasten to speak of the honors conferred upon the zealous prelate by the Holy See after a quarter of a century spent solely for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

In the Consistory held by Pious IX, Monday, December 21st, 1874, along with several others, Bishop Lamy was raised to the dignity of Archbishop, and Santa Fé was erected into a province, with Colorado and Arizona, although yet vicarates, as suffragans.

It may not be amiss to say a few words upon the dignity and insignias of an Archbishop. I hope it may interest my readers, as some Catholics may read it who are unacquainted with the government of the church, and who are sincerely anxious to learn something about the Church and those appointed by Heaven to guide it.

In the Catholic Church the Episcopate is one, if we consider it under its general aspect; no one is, by Divine right, greater or less than another. The Roman Pontiff alone received of our Lord Jesus Christ himself, the founder of the Church, supremacy over all; not only over the flock, but also over the shepherds—so that he is forever the head of the whole Church—the Bishop of the Bishops—the chief of the Christian society. For the facilitation of the universal government the Church established degrees in the Episcopate, and hence arises the beauty and the greatness of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The Sovereign Pontiff, who

holds the plenitude of jurisdiction in the whole Church, ceded, so to speak, a part of it, and among the bishops elevated some to a higher degree, and created thus the Archbishops, the Primates and the Patriarchs.

Two things are to be noticed here. The first, which is a consequence of what has been said above, is that the degrees in the Episcopate are of ecclesiastical right, although in one sense it can be said of Divine right, since Jesus Christ gave to the Church all the powers necessary for its government, and the degrees referred to are not only convenient but necessary. The second thing, which is also a consequence, is that the Sovereign Pontiff can increase, diminish, or even remove entirely the functions conceded to Patriarchs, Primates, and Archbishops; in one word, he can abolish these degrees in the Episcopate whenever the good of the Church demands it.

The attributions granted to these degrees have not been the same always and everywhere. In our days we call an archbishop a prince, or chief of bishops, in an ecclesiastical province. Different bishops, called suffragans, form a province, and the archbishop at their head, is called Metropolitan. Many archbishops have no suffragans over whom to preside, nor ecclesiastical province, without for that cause ceasing to hold their name and rank as such. Also the primates hold the first rank in a nation, and the patriarchs over several, but in the same manner as the primates without any jurisdiction, there are patriarchs who hold that name only as a pure honor.

In the United States, there never were, until lately, archbishops of pure title, but all were with the metropolitan dignity, over a corresponding province. We have now twelve such provinces, and no doubt, with the increase of Catholic population, new ones will be formed.

Passing over what concerns patriarchs and primates, I will mention that the dignity and title of archbishops and metropolitans are very old in the Church. The name of metropolitan comes from the ancient civil right of the Roman Empire. In it we find that the title of metropolitan was given to some distinguished cities, as it were cities, mothers of others, which enjoyed certain honors and pre-

rogatives, and whose governors were of a higher category and jurisdiction. The Church adopted the institution, and hence the bishops who were appointed to such cities were called metropolitans, or bishops of the metropolis, and in the course of time the metropolitan bishop was naturally given a certain rank over the bishops of the neighboring cities, and thus were formed the provinces. Many councils afterwards confirmed this natural division. To these metropolitans, or bishops of metropolitan cities, was given subsequently the honorific title of archbishops, a title which seems to have been used for the first time to address Saint Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt.

Archbishops, in quality of metropolitans, enjoy a pre-eminence of honor and some prerogatives over the bishops of their provinces, as can be seen in the canon law, but it is purely a matter of ecclesiastical discipline.

The insignias which in our days distinguish and ennoble metropolitan archbishops, as well as the primates and patriarchs, are the carrying of the cross and the pallium. These insignias in olden times were proper to the Sovereign Pontiff alone, as a mark of the plenitude of his power—in those prelates it is the mark of their greater authority. The privilege of the cross consists in this, that the metropolitan, the primate, or the patriarch can be preceded by the cross in all the territory of his province.

As to the pallium, as it is in use in our days, it consists in a collar made of white wool, with two bands hanging over the breast and shoulders, and three black crosses on the front band. On the Feast of St. Agnes, January 21st, two white lambs are blessed in Rome, and from their wool some religious women weave the palliums. The Sovereign Pontiff himself afterwards blesses them upon an altar contiguous to the tomb of the apostles Saints Peter and Paul, and they are deposited over the same tomb in a chest, from which they are taken to deliver them to the prelates.

Without entering into a discussion of the antiquity of the pallium, which would be very uninteresting, I will say a few words about its use. A metropolitan archbishop can perform no function of his degree and position without having received first the pallium from the Sov

ereign Pontiff. In olden times the metropolitans were obliged to visit the tomb of the Holy Apostles, in Rome, and there were invested with the pallium.

At the present it is petitioned in the consistory in which the Pope preconises the bishops, by themselves or by some one delegated for the purpose. The pallium is used on certain festival days, marked by canon law—it is personal, and serves only for the See to which the archbishop has been appointed. If the archbishop is transferred to another metropolitan See, he needs another pallium; and when he dies he is vested with it, and it is buried with him.

On March 16th, 1875, Cardinal Franchia sent this official letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop-elect, J. B. Lamy, preconised first Archbishop of Santa Fé, in the consistory held on Monday, December 21st, 1874:

“ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND SIR:—The Rev. Monsignor Roncetti, Chamberlain of Honor of His Holiness, and officer of this Holy Congregation, sent in the quality of Abligate to present the red beretta to the Most Rev. Father and Archbishop of New York, who has been admitted by the Holy Father in the Sacred College of the Cardinals, will deliver to your Lordship the apostolical letters by which his Holiness has been pleased to appoint you Metropolitan of the new province of Santa Fé. At the same time your Lordship will receive the faculties which His Holiness has granted you and the sacred pallium.

“In the meanwhile, I pray God to keep you in health for a long time.

“Given in Rome, at the house of the S. C. Propaganda. Filed March 16th, 1875.”

The ceremony for the imposition of the pallium was fixed for the 16th of June, 1875. Mgr. Salpointe, then Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, being in New York when Monsignor Roncetti, Chamberlain of His Holiness, delivered the beretta to Cardinal McClosky, had an interview with him. The Roman prelate, already fatigued with the journey from Rome, was much pleased to delegate Mgr. Salpointe and charge him with the delivery of the pallium.

The prelate returned from New York on the 7th of June, and as his many duties recalled him to his diocese, which he had left only for urgent reasons, it was determined that the ceremony should take place on the 16th. Mgr. Machebeuf, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, hastened from Denver, and if we consider the difficulty of travel in those days, and the circumstances in which the country was, the assistance was absolutely immense. The people had several meetings, in which were organized the various committees who were to give more splendor and order to the ceremony.

The old cathedral being entirely inadequate for the occasion, and, on the other hand, timorous persons fearing some accident, it was resolved to have the ceremony performed at the house of the Christian Brothers, or College of Saint Michael. The place is very large, and the whole range of houses having porches, was thought convenient against the rays of the sun. All preparations were therefore made for the purpose, and in the afternoon of the 15th all was in readiness. The greatest part of the clergy of the diocese were present—a few had not, on account of the distances, been apprized of the ceremony.

The 16th of June was as one of our spring days here, clear and quiet. At the break of day the roar of the cannon aroused the faithful. Immediately after the band of the College of Saint Michael was in the garden of the Archbishop's residence and discoursed fine music, which was wafted upon the morning breezes. At nine o'clock the procession was formed at the cathedral, the clergy, the Bishop, and the Archbishop arrived, and all the societies proceeded down San Francisco street to the plaza, thence turning to the left, went up College street and reached Saint Michael—all that multitude of people found room in the vast grounds of the College.

At ten o'clock solemn Pontifical Mass was commenced by Mgr. Machebeuf, while before the altar stood the Archbishop-elect, assisted by Fathers Equillon and Gasparri. Mgr. Salpointe, delegated to deliver the pallium, had an elevated seat on the epistle side. After the Gospel, the Very Rev. P. Equillon addressed the people in Spanish, and after Mass Mgr. Machebeuf spoke in English. These

sermons produced a great effect at the time upon the hearers, both Americans and Mexicans.

Immediately after communion, according to the rubrics, the pallium was placed on the altar, covered with a veil of red silk, and the Archbishop put on the Pontifical vestments. The reading of the Pontifical briefs and letters followed in Latin, Spanish and English, in order to give more satisfaction to all. After the reading of these documents, the new Archbishop, vested in his Pontifical vestments, approached the altar, and there, kneeling down, pronounced his profession of faith, took the oath of office according to the ceremonial of the bishops, in the hands of Bishop Salpointe, delegated for the purpose of imposing the pallium; after which the Bishop, standing, placed the pallium on the shoulders of the new Archbishop, saying, at the same time:

“For the honor of Almighty God and the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, of the holy apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, of our Lord Pope Pius IX of the Holy Roman Church, and of the Church of Santa Fé confided to your care, we deliver you the pallium taken from the tomb of Saint Peter, which signifies the plenitudes of the episcopal power, with the title and name of Archbishop, which you shall use within your church on certain days, as is determined in the privileges granted by the Apostolic See.”

After this, the new Archbishop, having on the pallium, arose, and turning to the people, directed to them words arising from his very heart. They were expressions of gratitude towards the Holy Father, of confusion for himself thus raised without any merits of his own, of thanks to the clergy and people, who had taken so much interest in the ceremony in his honor. The Benediction was then given while all that multitude, be they Catholic or not, bared their heads under the blessing hand.

All the people returned in procession to the Archiepiscopal Palace, preceded by the band of Saint Michael, and that of the city, and after repeating with one voice, “Long live the Archbishop!” retired. The clergy, as an expression of their love and veneration, had invited the two suffragans, all the clergy, and many gentlemen of the Ter-

ritory to a bountiful banquet. A pavilion was erected in the garden, that never-failing monument of the Archbishop's taste and care, and there they assembled. Speeches in honor of the Archbishop were made by a number of the most prominent gentlemen, both Americans and Mexicans.

In the evening a general illumination took place in the city. Before the cathedral were four beautiful transparent portraits of Pius IX, Archbishop Lamy, and Bishops Marchebeuf and Salpointe. Music was played on the plaza; the people flocked thither from all parts of the city. Seats had been placed for the prelates and the clergy. A speech was delivered in English by Mr. W. Breeden and another in Spanish by Major Sena. These speeches were much applauded. After this a torchlight procession was formed, and the Archbishop and his guests were conducted to the Archiepiscopal residence, and the celebration terminated, the memory of which remains fresh in the minds of those who witnessed or participated in it.

CHAPTER XX.

EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF ARCHBISHOP LAMY—REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.

On the 24th day of November, 1874, a few months only after the erection of Santa Fé into a province, was celebrated the Episcopal Jubilee of the great Archbishop, he having been consecrated Bishop of Agathon and appointed Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico on the 24th of November, 1850.

We call a sacerdotal or episcopal jubilee the happy anniversary of twenty-five or fifty years since the ordination of a priest or his consecration as bishop. It is not rare for priests to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their ordination, but it is rare to see a bishop celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration. For this reason it is the custom to celebrate it with pomp and rejoicing.

Of late years it has become a practice in the Catholic world to celebrate these occasions with solemnity, and it is just—it is the expression of the devotion of the people for their pastors. We call these celebrations jubilees in imitation of those which the Church celebrates every twenty-five and every fifty years. To distinguish them the first is called the *silver* jubilee and the latter the *golden* jubilee. In many countries they are called *silver wedding* and *gold wedding*, and it is not without reason nor without mystery that Christian people here preferred the latter name to the former. And truly the people are right in their preference. The ordination of a young priest, the consecration of a bishop, are greatly like a marriage ceremony. Both Sacraments have been instituted by Jesus Christ for the creation and raising of men to God—one is a material creation, the other a spiritual creation. Why do the people call the priest by the sweet name of Father? Because, by the Sacrament of Baptism he begets them spiritually into the

Church, and by the Word of God which he dispenses to them he raises them in faith and spiritual manhood.

In the present economy of Divine Providence, although Jesus Christ placed His vicar, the Pope, to represent Him on earth, He has no less decreed that the Christian family should be divided into fractions under His bishops, and subdivided under the priests. And the Church, the Immaculate Spouse of Jesus Christ, has confided to all these, according to their rank—to the Pope, the whole Church his spouse; to the bishops, their dioceses; to the priests, their parishes—so that the faithful of a parish acknowledge their father in their pastor, those of a diocese see their father in the bishop, and those of the whole world recognize the Pope as the common father of all the faithful.

If, on the one hand, it is right for children to present their respects and offer their good wishes to the beloved father who has been for so many years in this elevated pastoral ministry, it is, on the other, no less an obligation to give thanks to God, who gave such a father and has preserved him, and beg a prolongation for many years of that precious life, as the Church chants with so much joy: *Ad multos annos.*

The administration of Dr. Lamy in those twenty-five years is a bright page in the history of New Mexico, and has produced beneficial effects on that simple, loving people. The state of the Church in New Mexico when the venerable Archbishop took possession of it in 1850 was certainly not over prosperous. But for the love of truth I say that it could not be otherwise, because the spiritual center was so far away, at Durango, whereas the civil center was still further away, at the City of Mexico. The great distances of the two places, with their difficulty of holding communication, permitted the true principles of both spiritual and civil life with difficulty to reach the isolated population of New Mexico. In the same manner that a star gives much less heat if it be far off, and if its rays and light are to pass through dense clouds, in the same manner the light of faith will be weaker, and its heat will be greatly diminished by being too far removed from its spiritual center.

But darkness was to give way to light in this Territory; it was to enter into a new phase, both civil and religious. Leaving out the civil side of the question, I will say a few words in review of the situation from a religious point of view. The bishops assembled at Baltimore, soon after the annexation of New Mexico to the United States, made it a point to advise the Vatican to separate the newly annexed province from the Diocese of Durango. The Holy See entered plainly into these views, and the separation was resolved upon; and the first bishop of that diocese was then zealously working among the Catholics of Ohio, his mind and views far away from the thorny crown, under the guise of a mitre. How inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence!

Holy Scripture calls Our Saviour a Sun which gives *light to the whole world*, and He is essentially the light of the world. The same is said of the Apostles and their successors, certainly in a manner far inferior and by essence. They are suns but by participation, in so far as they receive from the essential Sun, and reflect in the various parts of the world the splendors of Jesus Christ. Now, from the sun two great effects are appearing, light and heat. As soon as the sun rises in the east he at once dissipates the darkness of the night, and throws light upon all things, and shows all things in their true colors; but, at the same time, by the means of the heat, he gives life to all things, and raises them, as it were, from death to life. These two effects are the part of the administration of a bishop, as also in due proportion of any true minister of Jesus Christ. Among the parts or effects of that administration are, first, the instruction given the people upon the truths of our holy religion, and afterwards the administration of the Sacraments. With the instructions is dissipated the darkness of ignorance, errors fall to the ground, evangelical virtues are propagated—in one word, the light of revelation is poured out. With the administration of the Sacraments men are given a new life, life is given the sinner through the means of grace, and in all is developed charity, which unites him to God. Am I, then, not right in saying that the twenty-five past years of the ad-

ministration of the Most Rev. Archbishop Lamy in this Territory have been an epoch of light, an epoch which has, seen from uncertain rays, the regal suns of justice, truth and Catholic civilization spread over this diocese, continually widening their mighty prestige and increasing their effulgence?

And so shall these praiseworthy plans of the saintly Archbishop continue to bless the pious children of his diocese.

As regards religious instruction, Dr. Lamy has created and developed it in every way, and he has seen that his zealous clergy did the same in every part of the diocese. He summoned religious, both men and women, to instruct the little ones of God, and when this could not be done, he procured good and competent teachers to instruct the young. For what purpose did he make so many journeys, both to Europe and the United States, if not for the diffusion of knowledge in his diocese? to bring there bodies of religious who would help in the great work? He increased wonderfully the number of parishes and provided good and zealous pastors for them. He brought the Fathers of the Society of Jesus particularly to give missions and renew the spirit of fervor which lay latent in the people. In all the schools and colleges under his direction religious instruction formed the basis of all education, and with the principles of sciences the young of both sexes received, what is far more precious, a knowledge of the eternal principles upon which are planted the solid foundation of Catholic faith.

Visit the classes of the Christian Brothers, of the Sisters of Loretto, Sisters of Charity, and others, and you will find the truth of this.

He helped to found the *Revista Catholica* for the diffusion of the same principles, and to convey religious instruction at the very firesides of the people. The people of New Mexico have great reason to give thanks to God for the good done among them in those twenty-five years by His faithful minister, Dr. Lamy.

And another point, equally important, must be noticed, which has been caused by the wise administration of the

venerable Archbishop. With instruction and the frequent reception of the Sacraments, immorality has been removed from the family; morality, virtue and religion have been made to flourish in the desert of past passions. Certainly all are not virtuous—there are some yet found vicious, but where is the wheat field that does not contain some cockle? where is the garden in which, amidst the most brilliant flowers, a serpent may not lie hidden? There is no doubt that vices have diminished, and in the same proportion virtues have increased, public opinion has been corrected and reformed in many ways, and scandals cannot be created as easily as of yore.

Finally, in those twenty-five years New Mexico has felt many beneficent influences, both of the spiritual and the civil kind. When Congress was organizing it as a Territory Rome organized it as a Diocese. The civil Government formed counties, districts, etc.—the Church formed parishes, colleges, hospitals, schools, etc. It is a question whether the Government could have done as much as it did were it not for the Church. May the venerable Archbishop see many years more, and continue to see his work progressing and bearing heavy bunches of fruit in the Lord's vineyard. He has stood the heat of the day in that vineyard, may he also gather its delicious fruits and be comforted with the heartfelt gratitude of his spiritual children.

He has spent twenty-five years as Bishop of New Mexico, may he spend twenty-five more years as Archbishop, so that all may celebrate his golden jubilee. This is all we can desire, and that our desire may be consummated we shall fervently pray to Heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARCHBISHOP LAMY BUILDS HIS CATHEDRAL.

One of the greatest monuments of the zeal of Archbishop Lamy is the Cathedral of San Francisco. It is not completed yet, for want of the necessary means. This great structure has been in progress for many years. The corner-stone was laid on the 14th of July, 1869. The ceremony was very solemn, and all the inhabitants of every denomination were present. The stone contained the names of the President of the United States, General Grant, of the Governor of the Territory, and other Territorial officers, together with some coins of gold, silver and copper; and also some documents and newspapers. Three days afterwards some miscreant, for the sake of lucre, stole the corner-stone, with its contents, and nothing has been heard of it since.

The Cathedral was at first commenced by an American architect, whose name has escaped me; but he did not understand the work, and the contract was rescinded and given to two very good French architects by the name of Antoine Mouly and his son, Projectus Mouly. The foundations being irregular, and not well constructed, they had to be recommenced, and for four years the work went on without ceasing, carrying the walls as high as the top of the windows. In the meanwhile Antoine Mouly commenced, little by little, to lose his sight.

The Sisters of Loretto, on the other hand, desired for a long time a chapel near their Academy. Projectus Mouly, undertook the work, made the plans, and after five years finished a chapel that will stand favorable comparison with any other in the United States. He carried out himself his own plan, and made of this a monument for himself. Shortly after its completion he died, a real loss to the Church in Santa Fé.

In 1874, Antoine Mouly became totally blind, and Father Equillon brought him to France, and in Paris a successful operation was performed upon his eyes. The Cathedral remained in that State from the summer of 1873 to the fall of 1878. On the 1st of November of that year the Very Rev. Equillon, V. G., was appointed parish priest of the Cathedral, and Father Fiallon was joined to him to prosecute the work upon the Cathedral, which he did for two years. Fatigued, and growing sick with much labor, he resigned and went to Europe, and the work upon the building was somewhat slackened. However, the cutting of stones, under the care of Michael Machebeuf, was continued without interruption, and a large quantity of blocks were prepared. Father Fiallon had carried the outside walls as far up as the cornice. After his departure Father Equillon gave the contract of placing the cornice, raising the north tower, and completing the front, to Vicente Digneo and Cajetano Palladino. They were helped by several artists who cut the front window, or rosace, at least partly, being completed by Machebeuf, who had the sole direction of the whole work, and acted as architect, builder and stonecutter.

In 1882 a contract was made by the church authorities on the one side, and Messrs. Monnier and Machebeuf on the other, to complete the church as far as the arms of the cross, for the sum of nearly forty thousand dollars, the window-glass not included. The contractors obligated themselves to complete it in three years, they finishing the inner walls, the ceilings, roofing, flooring, plastering and painting, in one word making the church ready for use, as far as the arms of the cross. When the cross and the sanctuary will be built is a question of time, but it will be done.

The old cathedral, built about one hundred and fifty years ago, has been demolished, and its adobes and rocks are now doing other public work. The people of Santa Fé have shown a great spirit of kindness. Under the supervision of the untiring Don Carlos Conklin, who did it simply for God, the people came during the whole month of August, 1884, some tearing down, others taking out the

timbers, while others were loading and driving wagons. Not one cent was asked for either the use of wagons or the labor of the same.

The windows are the gift of a few persons. They have been put in position and produce a grand effect. They are very fine, and came from the stores of Felix Gaudin, Clermont Ferrand, France. The one in front represents Christ sending His Apostles to preach. The six on each side are filled by the twelve Apostles. The window over the door is filled by a beautiful stained etching representing Christ among the doctors in the temple, expounding to them the Scriptural law. This is in honor of the city of Santa Fé, the city of the *Holy Faith*. There will also be paintings of San Francisco, the Patron of the Church, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Joseph.

The part of the church completed to the arms of the cross is one hundred and twenty feet long, and sixty feet broad, while the height of the middle nave is fifty-five feet. The ceiling is arched in the Roman style, as is also the whole church. The walls are all of native rocks, quarried in the neighborhood of Santa Fé, except the inner walls, which were taken from Lamy Junction, eighteen miles away. The whole structure is of cut stone and presents a fine appearance. The ceilings have this peculiarity, they are made of red volcanic lava, exceedingly light, some weighing less than common hard wood. There are immense quarries of the same on the summit of Cerro Mogino, a small mound twelve miles from Santa Fé. The towers, also of cut stone, are now eighty-five feet high from the ground, and the spires, which will crown them will be seventy-five feet more, in all one hundred and sixty-feet.

The cathedral thus far has cost one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Almost all this has been collected in New Mexico. Santa Fé at first gathered in nine thousand dollars. The clergy helped everywhere, but the greatest part comes from his Grace the Archbishop and his worthy Vicar General, Father Eguillon, who many times hardly permitted themselves the bare necessities of life in order to advance the great cathedral. It would be wrong, however, not to mention some gifts offered for God by

Dona Maria Ortiz, who, although not rich, presented the Archbishop with five thousand dollars, and some rich and costly sacred vessels. Dona Maria was the sister of the ever to be remembered Rev. Juan Felipe, who was Vicar General when Dr. Lamy took possession of his diocese in 1851.

God alone knows the sacrifices made to advance thus far the building. For months the venerable Archbishop was far away in the dioceses of Mexico and Puebla, in Mexico, fulfilling the duties of a simple bishop in those parts, laboring constantly and sending home the alms he received, in order to pay for his cathedral. God bless him, God bless his labors! May he be preserved a long time, and have the happiness of beholding the consecration of this great monument of his sacrifice!

Behind the altar of the old cathedral are two treasures that ought to be recorded here, and will be kept most sacredly in the new. Behind the wainscoting on the north side, is a double headstone covering a sepulchre in which are contained the bones of the body of the venerable Geronimo de la Llana—an apostolic man of the Order of Saint Francis—which were brought from Guarac de las Salinas on the 1st of April, 1759, at the cost of the Governor Francis Antonio Marin del Valle, and placed there. Also, the bones of the body of the venerable Asencio Zarate, of the Order of Saint Francis, brought from the ruins of the old church of St. Lawrence of Picuries, on the 8th of April, 1759, and located in the parish of the city of Santa Fé on the 31st of August of the same year. It is known that whenever the saintly Zubiria, Bishop of Durango came to Santa Fé, he ordered the opening of the sepulchre to venerate the relics brought there from afar.

The whole of the wall of the old sanctuary is a stone monument of this same Governor Del Valle and his spouse. It is a rare monument and worthy of the utmost care.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ARCHBISHOP RECEIVES THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

It would be doing a wrong to the zealous prelate who has ruled so wisely for years over the great Archdiocese of Santa Fé were I to omit the introduction among us of the Sisters of Mercy, who supply a want long felt in this population. The Sisters of Loretto have established many missions; so have the Sisters of Charity; but they could not supply all the demands for Sisters, and therefore recourse was had to the Sisters of Mercy, who happily heard and answered the call.

In the northeast part of the diocese, between Las Vegas and Mora, and the rivers of Sapello and Las Manuelitas, some years ago, many families from Santa Cruz and other places in Rio Arriba, formed a colony, and moved upon the Sapello, forming the settlements called Los Alamos. Soon they asked for a priest, and after several petitions, the Right Rev. Bishop gave them as pastor the Rev. Francis Jouvenceau, late Vicar-General of Arizona. This was as far back as the year 1859.

The first difficulty was to find a suitable location for the church. The Vicar-General of the diocese, the Very Rev. Father Machebeuf, chose the place where it now stands as the most likely to be surrounded by a large population. He was disappointed in this, and the settlement of Los Alamos increased the most. The people were generous; they loved their pastor, and both with money and hard work built a fine church, which was the first in New Mexico with a shingle roof. The same year the church was dedicated to God under the name of Our Lady of Guadalupe. This church is said to have cost six thousand dollars. Father Jouvenceau was removed July 19, 1866.

Rev. John Faure succeeded him for only a short time, and then it was attended from Las Vegas to September

23d of the same year, when the Rev. Alexander Mathonet was appointed pastor. He remained only to September 1, 1857, when he was relieved of his duties by the Rev. Joseph Fiallon. The debt upon the church was paid by him, the population increased and spread as far down as the junction of the rivers, now called La Junta, yet the parochial work was done by the pastor, with an assistant priest.

Later on La Junta was formed into a parish and given to the Jesuit Fathers, who built there a fine church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The work was too hard for Father Fiallon, whose health began to fail, and he therefore asked to be relieved of his duties, which was done on the 16th of November, 1875, by the appointment of the Rev. Anthony Fourchégu, now pastor of Mora.

Father Fourchégu did much for the church. In September, 1875, a terrible storm had destroyed one of the towers, and the roof was in bad condition, but nothing could be done before 1879 for want of necessary funds, when the church was repaired almost anew, to be thrown down again on the 29th of January, 1883; the walls, however, withstood the storm. For awhile it was thought it would be entirely abandoned. However, thanks to the efforts of Father Fourchégu, both by his own labor and money, it was again repaired, so that it is said now to be in better shape than ever.

What precedes shows how willing are priests and people under the hand of a prelate so revered as Archbishop Lamy. Such a priest and people could not be satisfied without schools, and therefore application was made, and it was granted with pleasure.

At Los Alamos, in 1854, Don Jesus Maria Montoya had built a small chapel at his own cost, but it had become too small, and was in a ruinous condition, when, in 1879, it was thought prudent to build another. People came generously forward, and thanks to their offerings, and more still to those of their pastor, a far larger and better chapel was built at the cost of twenty-two hundred dollars. There was to be the new convent, there the new school, because there was really the people. Pastor and people,

as soon as they had the approbation of the Archbishop, went to work, and soon a large convent was built. The Sisters of Mercy were invited to take possession of it, and in the fall of the year 1881 the schools and academy commenced their work. Numerous young ladies flocked to the new academy. Day scholars hastened to place themselves under the direction of such kind and learned teachers, and the school has been a complete success.

Father Fourchégu wrote to me:

“We cannot help congratulating ourselves on such a good success, and without wishing to give the Sisters of Mercy more praise than they deserve, we must say truly that we congratulate them for the success so far obtained. We are proud of them!”

This Convent of Los Alamos is for the present the mother house of the Sisters of Mercy in New Mexico. There they have their novitiate, and the vocations are not wanting among those pious Mexican young ladies who, besides being raised piously at home, have learned at school the worth of the Sisters; and thus, leaving all behind them, enroll themselves in the ranks of these followers of Christ, whose aim is to imitate the *mercy* of the Divine Master by supplying the necessary wants to both soul and body of those who come in contact with them. Their existence as a training body in New Mexico is of but yesterday, and already their influence is felt and the blessed soil of virtue which they brought with them produces great fruits in this, the Lord's western vineyard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARCHBISHOP SALPOINTE IS APPOINTED COADJUTOR—RESIGNATION OF ARCHBISHOP LAMY.

The work so well begun in the vast diocese of Santa Fé has progressed every day. A number of new parishes have been formed of late years, so that they now number thirty-four; churches and chapels have been built everywhere, and to-day, besides the parish churches, they number two-hundred and thirty-eight. From a small number the clergy have increased to more than sixty. New schools have been established wherever possible. Now the good soldier, who for thirty-five years has fought the battles of the Lord, feels the need of resting his tired limbs and place a part of the burden upon younger shoulders, hence Archbishop Lamy applies to Rome, the tender Mother of all, for a Coadjutor.

Still, before getting his needed rest, much is to be done. All the Fathers of this flourishing Church of America are called in solemn council to Baltimore. Advanced in years as he is, the venerable Archbishop did not refuse the duty. Accompanied by his two suffragans and bosom friends, he starts for the extreme East, to bring his learning and his experience into the councils of the Catholic Prelate of America.

The venerable Archbishop, with Bishops Machebeuf and Salpointe, the latter lately named Coadjutor, with right of succession, left Santa Fé on the 30th of October, 1884, to take their part in the labors of the Plenary Council. Arrived in Baltimore, the venerable Coadjutor received from Rome the notification of having been raised to the dignity of Archbishop, with the title of Archbishop of Anazaba.

I need say nothing of the weight and learning brought in that august assembly—all this is a matter of official

history. Returning in haste from the Council, Archbishop Salpointe went to Tucson, his episcopal city, while Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, in order to settle all business in that Territory and bid adieu to his faithful flock before assuming higher but no less arduous duties.

On the 19th of February, 1885, His Grace made his entry into Santa Fé to assume the responsibilities of his office.

The Friday, 1st of May, was the day assigned as the day for the consecration of Rt. Rev. Peter Bourgade, D.D., the Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, chosen by the Holy See to replace Archbishop Salpointe. The ceremonies were conducted with solemnity; His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Lamy being the consecrator, assisted by Archbishop Salpointe and Bishop Machebeuf, of Denver. The Cathedral was beautifully decorated, and at nine o'clock the procession was formed. An immense number of people took part in it. All the religious societies of Santa Fé, with their banners and with the sweet music of three bands, were present.

The procession having entered the Cathedral the imposing ceremonies of consecration commenced. The venerable Archbishop himself addressed the vast assembly in Spanish, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebeuf in English. After the ceremonies the procession returned to the Archiepiscopal residence, and the balance of the day was spent in festivities, terminating in the evening, as on the eve, by a fine display of fireworks and the booming of the cannon. A day never to be forgotten in Santa Fé, as it was the first ceremony of the kind that ever took place in the ancient city.

Now we come to the resignation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Lamy, a breaking of the bonds so long binding together the Pastor and his people, the Father and his children. Nothing could compensate us for such a loss, were it not that, like Christ to St. John, he points his worthy successor to us and says: "Behold your father!" Never tired of doing good, his very last official act was one of the greatest kindness, in giving us such a pastor as Archbishop Salpointe. He will be cherished,

not only for his own well-known and distinguished merits, but also because he is to his children the gift of a Father.

On the first Sunday of September, 1885, the following circular was read in all the parochial churches of the arch-diocese:

“For some years past we had asked of the Holy See a coadjutor in order to be relieved of the great responsibility that rested on our shoulders since the year 1850, when the supreme authority of the Church saw fit to establish a new diocese in New Mexico, and in spite of our limited capacity we were appointed its first Bishop. Now our petition has been heard and our resignation accepted. We are glad, then, to have as a successor the illustrious Archbishop, Mons. Salpointe, who is well known in this bishopric, and worthy of administering it, for the good of the souls and the greatest glory of God.

What has prompted this determination is our advanced age, that often deprives us of the necessary strength in the fulfillment of our sacred ministry, though our health may apparently look robust. We shall profit by the days left us to prepare ourselves the better to appear before the tribunal of God, in tranquility and solitude.

We commend ourselves to the prayers of all, and particularly those of our priests who, together with us, have borne and still bear the burden of the day, which is the great responsibility of directing the souls in the road of salvation. Let the latter remember that, in order that their holy ministry be of any benefit their example must accompany their instructions. It is with pleasure that we congratulate the most of the clergy of this diocese for their zeal and labors; and we desire that those who might have failed in their sacred duties may give, henceforth, better proofs of being the worthy ministers of God.

We also commend ourselves to the prayers of the faithful, whose lively faith has edified us on many an occasion. We exhort them to persevere in this same faith, in their obedience to the Church, in their faithfulness to their daily obligations, in the religious frequency of the Sacraments,

and in the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is one of the most efficacious means of sanctification.

Finally, we hope that the few religious communities that we have had the happiness to establish in this new diocese will offer some momento in their prayers for our spiritual benefit.

We ask of all to forgive us the faults we may have committed in the exercise of our sacred ministry, and, on our part, we will not forget to offer to God our humble prayers for all the souls that the Lord has intrusted to us for so many years.

† J. B. LAMY, Archbishop.

Given at Santa Fé, N. M., on the 26th day of August, 1885."

One consolation is left his venerable successor, his clergy and people, the firm resolution taken by the venerable Archbishop not to leave the Territory, the land of his adoption, the scene of his labors and struggles, the witness of his virtues and of his triumphs.

The new title of Archbishop Lamy in retirement is *Archbishop of Cizicus*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MOST REV. J. B. SALPOINTE, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF
SANTA FÉ.

Archbishop Salpointe assumed his title of Archbishop of Santa Fé on the Feast of St. Augustine, August 28, 1885.

Archbishop J. B. Salpointe was born at St. Maurice de Pionsat, a parish of the Diocese of Clermont-Ferrand, in France, on the 25th of February, 1825. His parents belonged to one of the best families of the place. Thoroughly Christians, they cultivated from his earliest infancy the desire he manifested for the priesthood, and those fine dispositions of the mind and of the heart which have made him beloved by all who came near him.

At an early age he was sent to study classics at the petit Seminary of Agen, in the Department of Creuse, afterwards he completed his preparatory studies at the College of Riom, and finally, after passing the most creditable examination, entered the Seminary of Montferrand, where he studied theology, canon law, and all those other branches which are necessary for the ministry. Always of a pious tendency, he matured that disposition more and more in the silence of that retreat of Montferrand, known to have produced so many shining lights in the Church. He was ordained priest in 1851.

Soon after ordination, Abbé Salpointe was sent as assistant priest successively at Sollédes, Menat and Clermont, and rising constantly, according as his merit was better known, he soon after was appointed Professor of Natural Sciences in the Diocesan Seminary of Clermont, acting at the same time as the Procurator of the Seminary. Thus in a few years he had risen, filling one of the most important offices of the Diocese, with the well-founded hope of rising still higher in a very few years.

But Providence had decreed it otherwise, and those bright qualities of the young priest were to be developed in a far away country that needed them more. In 1859, Father Eguillon, Vicar-General of Santa Fé, was sent by Bishop Lamy to get new recruits for his vast diocese. Naturally he went to Clermont, the nursery of missionaries, for the New World. Father Salpointe, giving up all worldly hopes in his native land, offered his services, and having obtained the necessary permission from his Ordinary, the venerable Mgr. Ferron, embarked for America on the 17th of August, 1859. In that holy band were Fathers J. R. Raverdy, actual Vicar-General of Denver; Francis Jouveceau, pro-Vicar-General of Arizona, under Bishop Salpointe; Bernard and Bernol, both dead, the one at Socorro and the latter at Sinaloa. In their company were also a number of Christian Brothers. After a long and tedious journey on the plains, they reached Santa Fé in November of the same year, 1859.

In Santa Fé, also, the young priest rose rapidly, and after a short time in the diocese we find him parish priest of Mora, one of the most important positions of the diocese. But what were these things to the young priest? He had come to work in the vineyard of the Lord, it mattered not where. Thus disposed, thus always ready for the call, it is no wonder that we see him giving up his large parish, with all its advantages, to follow the voice of his Bishop. There are missions in the district, Arizona, without shepherds—the faith of those Christians is in danger. It matters not whether there are vast deserts separating New Mexico from Arizona, that the Apaches are on the war-path, that other apostles have been slain, and that others more fortunate have fled with their bare lives—Father Salpointe hears the voice of his Bishop calling on devoted men, who count dangers as nothing, who are willing to make the greatest sacrifices, and the *adsum* of his ordination resounds sweetly in the ears of Bishop Lamy. The good Father does not command—he only appeals to his children. The dangers are great, the sacrifices immense; but there is the man of heart; he presents himself, is accepted at once, and on the 7th of January, 1866, he

leaves Santa Fé for his distant and dangerous mission, accompanied by Fathers Boucard and Birmingham and an ecclesiastical student, Mr. Vincent. After one month's journey across the deserts of southern New Mexico and eastern Arizona, then infested with Apaches, the generous missionaries reached Tucson. The metropolis of Arizona was then a small Mexican town, without church or priest's residence.

Father Salpointe, before leaving Santa Fé, had been appointed Vicar-General for the missions of Arizona, with Tucson as his residence. The young vicar went to work at once, and, after three years of hard work as we have seen elsewhere, he succeeded in building a substantial edifice, used to this day as the Cathedral.

Under his supervision a large convent was erected, where to-day a great number of young persons receive a thorough Catholic education.

During his stay in Arizona as Vicar-General, several churches were built, particularly one in Yuma, where a priest took up his residence. Saint Xavier del Bac, that monument of art, was not forgotten, and there also resided a priest, and a school was established.

Now the Church had her motherly eyes fixed upon the generous priest. At the close of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, Arizona was separated from the Diocese of Santa Fé and erected into a Vicariate Apostolic, and Father Salpointe, as everyone could foresee, was appointed by a Papal Bull, of September, 1868, Bishop of Dorzla and Vicar Apostolic of Arizona.

He resisted such honors, but on receiving the order from the Holy See humbly submitted, and, starting for France, was solemnly consecrated in the Cathedral of Clermont.

The consecrating Bishop was the same venerable Mgr. Ferron who had confirmed the boy, ordained the priest and consecrated the Bishop. The heart of the venerable prelate warmed up again in his old age at such an honor conferred upon him by the Almighty, as he used to frequently express it.

From France the new Bishop went to Rome, the foun-

tain of all good, and after receiving the commendations of Pius IX, started at once for his vast field of labor, accompanied by six students, who were in holy orders. The Vicariate of Arizona had then only two priests on the missions.

His life and labors in that post of duty are too well known to speak of them extensively. Suffice it to say, that during his sixteen years' administration several parishes were formed, churches were erected, convents built, and schools established in all the larger settlements. It is enough to say, that when he left Arizona, at the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicariate counted fifteen churches, fourteen priests, seven convents and two hospitals.

The Indians were not forgotten or neglected, for the good shepherd gave his special attention to those poor children of the forest. Several times he visited the Apaches on their reservation, and on various occasions sent priests among them.

The school he established at San Xavier del Bac was for the Papago Indians. The struggle was long and hard, but by his perseverance he had the happiness of seeing restored to the Catholics the Agency of the Catholic Indians of Arizona. But it was of short duration, for the Agency was lost again through the intrigues of the Governor of the Territory. Father Salpointe was the first to establish free Catholic schools for boys at several points of his Vicariate.

His labors and toils can be appreciated only by those who have labored under his guidance, and his memory lives to-day in Arizona in the hearts of all, be they Catholics or not. All saw in him a public benefactor, a noble citizen, a worthy minister of Jesus Christ.

Events succeeded one another rapidly. In 1885, Bishop Salpointe was transferred to Santa Fé. In the beginning of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop, and only a few months afterwards he was again transferred to the See of Santa Fé, left vacant by the resignation of Archbishop Lamy.

Archbishop Salpointe received the pallium in the chapel of the Sisters of Loretto at the hands of Archbishop Lamy on the 21st of November, 1885.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END.

The work so well commenced in this diocese is progressing every day. New parishes are formed, churches and chapels are built, new schools are established everywhere; the zealous clergy are enlarging their missionary labors; the religious are improving their academies, colleges and schools, so that from a religious point of view the diocese is making rapid strides towards perfection.

It is improving, also, from a temporal point of view. Railroads are entering more and more into every recess of our mountains and valleys; new towns are built; a new population enters daily into the Territory; the mines are developing fast, many new mining companies are formed and manufactures of all kinds are being established everywhere.

One subject, dear to the heart of Dr. Salpointe, is the Indian question. Much has been done for them in the past years. The Archbishop has been unceasing in his labors to get those poor, benighted children of the prairies under the civilizing and sanctifying influences of the Catholic Church. Towards the accomplishment of that purpose he has undertaken journeys to Washington and elsewhere in the East, to plead his case with the country's Representatives.

He has visited every pueblo, has spoken to the fathers of families, has written letters after letters, has given money of his own, notwithstanding his poverty, to start schools, and thank God he has succeeded admirably.

Taos, San Juan, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Jemez, Isleta Orcoma, Zuñi, have their schools, while a large school is put up in Santa Fé for the boys of pueblos too small to be able to have schools, and the Sisters of Loretto, in Bernalillo, take care of a large number of girls.

The Indian is very apt in learning, and makes rapid progress. It is a mistake with many to think that the Indian child is dull of comprehension, and cannot learn science and art. He learns fast; he learns well. Alas! that we should have to say so! Under preceding Administrations the poor Pueblo child was placed in non-Catholic schools, so-called "unsectarian." But nevertheless his faith was tampered with, names were changed, and often the child returned home neither an Indian nor a white man. He returned home ashamed of his father's Indian name. How could such boys as *Washburn College*, or, *Dixie*, *the Kid* ever be able to know their father's names?

Thanks be to God, all this is changed; the efforts of Archbishop Salpointe are partially covered with success; we have every reason to be hopeful; journeys, time, money, Dr. Salpointe gives all, and he is well seconded by Father Antonio Jouvenceau, who has imbibed for years the spirit of self-denial which is so characteristic of his Bishop.

The civil administration, too, is more favorable, and with the uncompromising Father Stephan in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the worthy Agent, Williams, all is well. The times are passed when an Indian Commissioner upon representations made in the name of Archbishop Lamy, would answer and say that he could not entertain our views or our offers.

It must be noted here that there are nearly twelve thousand Catholic Pueblo Indians in the Territory, with many Mescaleros, baptized in the Church.

These historical documents are far from being complete, from want of the necessary means for reaching all points. However, what has been written is history, and no fiction. I invite with all my heart any document that might conduce to a better understanding of the history of New Mexico, a vast mine far from being developed—an immense field only partly plowed.

The idea of writing these notes is not mine, it comes directly from Rome. In 1884, the Congregation de *Propaganda Fide* desired a succinct history of New Mexico in a

religious point of view. Archbishop Lamy charged me with the work. I wrote it as briefly as possible. It was sent as written, with its erasures and corrections. The venerable Prelate received a letter of thanks, which, however, contained the desire of seeing something a little more developed. This desire was a command, and it has been a labor of love.

These remarks are my preface and conclusion. May this little work prove useful to religion and science, and in time receive more facts, more documents, and thus form the nucleus of a history of New Mexico.

NOTES.

The following documents, certified as correctly copied from the original Spanish journal of Vargas, by the actual librarian, the venerable Samuel Ellison, is of great importance to show the antiquity of the Church of St. Michael. The said Governor and Captain-General de Vargas, as I read it in his own journal, makes an entry under the form of a marginal note, thus: "The said Governor and Captain-General orders the the Captain and Governor of the walled pueblo, as also Antonio Bolsas, and together go to examine the Hermitage of St. Michael, so that it, being repaired, it may serve as a church till the coming of summer."

I will now lay before my readers this command of Vargas, as well as the other, which refers to the burial of the remains of the Rev. Father John, of Jesus, martyred at Jemez in 1680, at the time of the revolution of the Indians.

Following these documents is the certificate of Mr. Ellison, which will serve, no doubt, to give authority to these documents, the original of which may be seen by any inquirer in the archives of Santa Fe.

A. D. 1692, DECEMBER 18.

On the said day, month and year of the date, I, said Governor and Captain-General, very much grieved on account of the severity of the weather and the cold (suffered by the Indians) who in troops while away the time visiting the (ranch) huts in the plain. And, in order to act in everything with necessary prudence, I mounted on horseback, and with a few military officers and the Captains Francisco Lucero de Godoy and Roque Madrid, I went to examine the church or hermitage which was used as a parish church for the Mexican Indians who lived in the said town (villa) under the title of the invocation of their patron, the Archangel St. Michael. And having examined it, though of small dimensions, and not for the accommodation of a great number; notwithstanding, on account of said inclemency of the weather, and the urgency

of having a church in which should be celebrated the Divine Office and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in order that Our Lady of the Conquest may have a becoming place, I, said Governor and Captain-General, recognized that it is proper to roof said walls, and to whitewash and repair its skylights (windows) in a manner that shall be the quickest, easiest, briefest and least laborious to said natives.

The parties alluded to being present, and the said Governors of aforesaid pueblo, Joseph and Antonio Bolas, I ordered that they should send said natives; having taken measures in respect to lumber aforesaid, and having offered them axes, and mules for its fast conveyance, that those who were adapted to hewing said lumber should do so, and that those who were fit for the trade of masons in repairing said walls should be ordered in like manner, and that I, on my part, should have the Spaniards whom I had with me to assist thereat.

And that said work should be immediately executed, I went with them to aforesaid pueblo, and being within their village square (plaza), I ordered the natives who were there in the manner before described. And I also exhorted them to go with cheerfulness to said labor, and that such it really was not, to make a house for God and *His Most Blessed Mother, our Virgin Lady, who was enclosed in a wagon*; and that if a lady came they were obliged to furnish her with a house, and that such was their duty; and mine it was to issue such orders with much force, because that the Lord our God might punish us, seeing that, being Christians, we did not make *the church immediately, which they promised to accomplish*, as I had ordered; and they (afterward) sent for the axes which I gave unto them immediately and a hide to make a ladder.

And for the authenticity of these proceedings, I have had an act thereof drawn up and signed it, with my secretary in civil and military affairs.

D. DIEGO DE VARGAS ZAPATA LUJON PONCE DE LEON.

ROQUE DE MADRID.

JOSEPH DE CONTRERAS.

Before me,

ANTONIN BALVERDE,

Military and Civil Secretary.

On said tenth day of August, aforesaid date, having heard Mass and the sermon, on the feast of the holy martyr Saint Laurence, of this day, the Rev. Father Vice-Guardian Fr. John Muños de Castro and the other Reverend Fathers Missionaries Apostolic, came to bid me welcome, Governor and Captain-General as aforesaid, and presented their congratulations for my success and triumph, and most of all in that in which they were so interested, the investiture of the bones which were judged to be, and are undoubtedly considered to be those of the Rev. Father Friar, John of Jesus, missionary, who was Apostolic Preacher in the Convent of the Pueblo of Jemez, who, on the eleventh day of August, one thousand six hundred and eighty, was inhumanly killed. And having in my room said bones, with the skull, I exhibited and showed them to them in a box of medium size, with lock and key. They were arranged in two (parts), the first of damask mandarin of two colors, crimson and yellow, the other of Brittany, with a large ribbon, and in this form said bones were collected and enveloped in said box, the key thereof being given to aforesaid Rev. Vice-Guardian; and it appearing that it was his wish to bury them the next day, which is to-morrow, the eleventh of month aforesaid; and they (meantime) remain in my said room, thence to be carried forth for interment.

And for the authenticity of the aforesaid, I have signed, with my aforesaid secretary in military and civil affairs.

D. DIEGO DE VARGAS ZAPATA LUJON PONCE DE LEON.

Before me,

ALFONSO RAEI DE AGUILAR,
Secretary in Civil and Military Affairs.

On the eleventh day of said month of August, of the date (aforesaid) and year, to carry forth for burial the bones and skull which are judged to be those of the deceased missionary, Father John of Jesus, which are in my room where I sleep, there came the Rev. Father Commissary and Vice-Guardian of said Kingdom, Friar Juan Muños de Castro, in company with the other discreet

Fathers who are in this town (villa), and he asked me, as did also said Rev. Fathers, Missionaries, to proceed to the translation and interment of the bones and skull aforementioned, and that I should give them the certificate relating therein the circumstances in the manner narrated by me authentically in said acts, which I gave unto them immediately, and my civil and military secretary having transcribed it, I ordered it to be entered in said acts. And they proceeded to translate and inter said bones and skull, placed in said box, closed and fastened, in the chapel which is used as a parish church for this garrison; which they did on the gospel side of the high altar, I, said Governor and Captain-General, having been present with a concourse of soldiers and vassals who were present in this aforesaid town.

Witness my hand, with that of my military and civil military secretary.

D. DIEGO DE VARGAS ZAPATA LUJON PONCE DE LEON.

Before me,

ALFONSO RAEL DE AGUILAR,
Secretary in Military and Civil Affairs.

I do hereby certify that the foregoing two pages contain a true and correct copy taken by me from the original journal of Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujon Ponze de Leon, then Governor and Captain-General of the then Kingdom and Provinces of New Mexico. Said journal remains among the Spanish and Mexican archives in my charge as Librarian and ex-officio custodian of said archives. This 19th day of November, A. D. 1885.

SAM'L ELLISON,
Territorial Librarian.

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